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The Place on the Map

A Poor Schoolmaster's Story.

By Thomas Hardy

I

I LOOK upon the map that hangs by me—
Its shires and towns and rivers lined in varnished artistry,
And I mark a jutting height
Coloured purple, with a margin of blue sea.

II

—'Twas a day of latter summer, hot and dry;
Ay, even the waves seemed drying as we walked on, she and I,
By this spot where, calmly quite,
She informed me what would happen by and by.

III

This hanging map depicts the coast and place,
And adumbrates too therewith our unexpected troublous case
All distinctly to my sight,
And her tension, and the aspect of her face.

IV

Weeks and weeks we had loved beneath that beaming blue,
Which had lost the art of raining, as of late her eyes had too,
While she told what, as by sleight,
Shot our firmament with rays of ruddy hue.

V

For the wonder and the wormwood of the whole
Was that what in realms of reason would have joyed our double soul
Wore a torrid tragic light
Under superstition's hideous control.

VI

So, the map revives her words, the spot, the time,
And the thing we found we had to face before the next year's prime:
The charted coast stares bright,
And its episode comes back in pantomime.

The Indian Shepherds*

(Invocation and a Fragment.)

By Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B., F.R.S.

I. Invocation

1.

Hear, mournful Muse; mute Mistress of Exile, hear;
Sad Spirit of Solitude and of these barren briars,
Who dwellest with tigers and serpents in this waste
And waterless wilderness. Art thou dreaming-dead,
Thy pale cheek leant to thy paler hand and thy harp
Let listlessly fallen, that thou heedest not?
Why watchest thou thus for ever the burning blast
Blow hither and thither around thee these dead leaves,
The screaming dead leaves, dust and sand at thy feet,
And him, High Lord of Unbearable Brightness, flash
His fire upon these dominions of desert and death
And desolation for ever?
Wake! Arise!
Disconsolate daughter of a perisht past,
Whose meditations like the dead leaves are driv'n
Among the bones and briars of a wasted world,
Dead also, O lorn and lonely Shepherdess
Of memorys—meagre herds and droves of dim dreams,

* During my Indian researches on malaria between 1891 and 1898 I wrote a set of verses called "In Exile," published in 1910 in my "Philosophies" (Murray). These described my thoughts during the work, in the form of an apologue figured in terms of the Indian seasons—the desert and drought of the hot weather, and the triumphant breaking of the monsoon. After the successful completion of the researches in 1898, I thought that I would attempt an epic of Indian scenery—a kind of Georgics in anapaestic blank verse; beginning with an Invocation, and consisting of three parts, on Night, Dawn, and Day. Only the first of these (resuming the figures of "In Exile") and a small portion of Night were ever finished. I left India shortly afterwards, and it is now too late to think of continuing the verses; but friends consider that the fragments may possibly bear publication as they are.—R. Ross.

Regrets and despairs! Why dreamest thou thus—weary
Of drawing for ever at the deep wells of thought
Unnourishing wisdom; weary of man and of all
His worthless works; and not of thyself the less:
And weary of wisdom and her lies; of love
Her hate; of law her crime; of virtue her vice;
And of justice her injustice: knowing not good
If it be good, or evil if evil; o'erwrought,
The painful reason ravelling her own clue?

But lift up to heaven the heavens of thine eyes,
And mark what miracle mercyful God doth ordain
To confound the Oppressor, the sulphurous Sun, and bestow
Reprieve on the world. For the desert is white with heat
Intol'rable, and the smoke of the burning sand
Fills all the air. The viper pants on her stone,
The wolf beside her cave; and the tiger shrieks
At the blacken'd pool, and smit in his circling flight,
Tumbling the lordly eagle falls. But attend.
What cast of thin vapour covers the flaming sky,
And why on his throne so sickly pale the Sun
Erstwhile of the brazen empyrean lord?
What ails him who harms us that his lips are pale—
Pale, and his javelins wreak his wrath no more;
And white his withering lips and his spectral hair
So scatter'd with fear? For in the windless west
Avenging God doth come to destroy our despair
On clouds of darkness and thunder. Mighty, his wings
Clap, and on his brow a beacon of lightning burns
With anger, and in his hand a brand of bright fire;
And he putteth his hand to the Sun and plucketh him down;
And the voice of his anger rolls on the desolate waste.

Tune now thy song to the storm-wind! Let be rent
Thy raiment of sorrow!
Shout ye Conquerors! Cry
O voices of Wind and Rain and Thunder! Flash
Ye fires of the Lightnings like angels leaping to earth!
And ye, O Chariots and Horsemen of Thunder rush on
To slay with your galloping hoofs these legions of Dust,
Until the dead bones in this dreadful desert revive,

And creep together, and rising rejoice and recount,
Recreated, glory to God.
Hear, O Muse.
Behold on the desert the mouths of a myriad flowers
Are hymning to Heaven the symphonys of the World,
And high on the hills the Wild-Pines clash together
Their harps in the storm-wind, singing the wonders of God.
Make haste and arise. Ascend to those uttermost peaks,
And hear the glad songs of the Shepherds there and rejoice,
Thou too with them in praise. Ascend and rejoice.

2.

The Song of Shepherds on those Himalayan heights,
Enormous peaks of enormous mountains that face,
Far over all India and her silvery streams,
Sirius and Canopus, the South and the sounding Sea,
In range over range. They with their flocks are found
On high in the melting mists on mountain meads
Amid black bastions of the cloud-conquering crags;
Or where the crimson clusters of blossoms fall,
Honey-rich rhododendron, on tumblings of scentless snow,
Deep, deep in the pine-valleys; or in the rent ravines
Where raging rivers rush on levels of plain
Thro' chasms of adamant, and the smoke of them goes
To heaven amid the roar of the rounded rocks
That thunder shrieking down their terrible bed
For ever. The Song of Shepherds unvisited
On those old hills of ancient Orissa decay'd
And Konkan very old, that were erstwhile as great
As great Himalaya and front to front with him stared
In wrathful rivalry granite-brow'd—not now
Stupendous, but, broken and buryd in bulks of earth,
The scarred summits, wont to commune with stars,
Companions of thorns and thistles—despised peaks
Drown'd deep in the dust, where round them the hungry Sea
With all his wolfish waves awaits to devour
Piecemeal their rotting bones; but on every crest
Day-long the Shepherds sing. The Song of those
Who dwell on distant plains and pasture all day

Mud-wallowing buffaloes—peaceful villagers. Those
Who drag the peevish camels on dusty march
In Scindia, where far-foaming Indus toils
Thro' sand to the sea—his bosom is full of stars
For the Deep and his end are near. The Song of those
Who sow and behold the threatening thunders move,
Forerunners of rain, and bank the squares of rice,
Provident for water. Of those who traverse by night
Black Vindhian jungles, a timorous throng—one last
Who trembles most; for the path is narrow, the night
Deep, and deep roarings heard: they quaver aloud
A quaking rhythm in time to their heart and feet
To frighten the thing they fear. The Song of those
Who dwell on the last holy hills of the fulgurant South
And gaze at the Centaur and to a shoreless sea.

Hear Muse and attend; and list to those teeming songs;
And let not thy voice be silent, but proclaim
With them the glory of God who is God, and resound
To the Children of God, being gods and immortals, praise.

3.

There sitteth and singeth the Shepherd all day long;
Alone on the massy mountain's northern slope,
Cooler, where not the thirst of the southern sun
Reaches the darkness there and dryes up the dew.
'Neath over-plumbing crags, damp, crystalline, cool,
He sitteth, the Shepherd, and singeth. Over his head
The lonely crest of the mountain's summit ascends
To heav'n, gigantic—a hand of grey granite shown
To watchers for rain who pant on the plain below—
And throws a shadow of purple, darkening all—
The Shepherd, the herd and hillside. Far on the plain,
Far reaches the shadow; and ever as that fierce sun
To westward his course pursues to eastward turns
Revolving, far falling below. There singeth he,
Or voiceless and preluding on a three-toned reed,
Or thrilling the silence with his simple song,
The careless cattle clambering far on the slope,
While east to west the Sovran of Splendour revolves
And west to east that shade of the mountain moves,

Engrosses the plain with purple and dials the day.
There singeth the Shepherd: seeing the shadow thrown
Athwart the distant yellow plain below,
The farmyard grey with its sheaves of garner'd grain,
The village and all its far-off cryes, and the herds
With tinkling bells: seeing his cattle browse
The sweet grass growing in secret chambers of rocks
Unvisited: watching the lofty eagles soar
In easy circles into the blinding sun
Or, flashing like meteors, shoot to the plain below:
Beholding the wind of mid-day bearing aloft
Dead leaves to sport like birds in air, and upon
The summit the chill blue cloud of noonday come,
Descending with welcome shade: or watching afar
The unknown mystery of the distant sea,
Far sails and yellow shore. But, lengthening now,
The shade of the mountain measures the eastern plain,
And earthward reeling rolls the long-revelling Sun,
Ranging his glorys thro' a thousand vales.
Now all the mountains are azure and gold, and the clouds
Flame, and the fierce eagles burn in the vault of heav'n.
Now cleft by a westward pinnacle, mighty, the Orb
Smokes, fall'n to earth, and scatters divergent fire
Athwart the deep dome of haze o'erspanning the world.
Now mingles the mountain's shadow with that great shade,
And shape of the world we mortals name the Night,
New-born in the filmy East, and every peak
Blackens against the verge and a hundred lakes
Recount them unto the peering stars. So now
The Shepherd rejoicing gathers his wallet and staff,
And calls to his herd, and, homeward singing, sees
The purple planets appear and the rich moon rise.

4.

High God or great Pan creator, he cares not—God
He sings, the Shepherd—the wind-blown Shepherd sings.
And that that he sings he knows not; but Thou knowest,
O Shepherdess of the far-herded flocks of wise thoughts
And sweet songs. Therefore sad Singer of exile rise
And hear again those voices forgotten long
That children with parted lips are listening to.

Forgotten so long—that yet when remember'd resound
Ever louder and louder proclaiming of noble things,
Not human, unworthy song. O hear them and sing
A matter not new but primeval, that the trees
Discourse of together, and the high-throned oaks,
Tuned unto the streaming winds, make melody of;
And torrents make thunder of; and these Shepherds sing
Alone, unheeded by their foolish flocks.

II. Night

First, low let the liquid numbers flow and fill
This darkness and depth of gloom unutt'rable,
And Night on the unseen, burnt and barren plain
Sing, and the dim Dawn of Day.
Now blackest the Night.
Long waiting the wasted Moon hath sunk at last,
Long waiting and weary for that change of dawn
Desirèd; and like one loved but loved no more
Yet loving so well she will not yield her watch
But waits and despairs, face-wasted with neglect,
And fades into nought, so fainted, faded and died,
Her lord coming not; and all her starry maids
Are quenchèd with sorrow that she is no more.

Now utter the midnight, and the eyeless mind
Gropes like a dumb brain new-born in nothingness,
Where all the world and all the heav'ns are not.

Now Silence hath come with Night, and Fear with them—
Blind Sisters who sit unseen. No light, no sound;
Save haply the shriek-owl cryes, or leveret, seized,
Assassin'd by some mean murderer of the dark;
Or prowler of darkness calls his mate afar;
Or if the night-browsing cattle wander near
To snuffle the dusty, dewless herbage, then
The Shepherd-Boy trills unseen his sudden song
To gather the herd or lighten the lids of sleep.
"Pale Watchers of Heaven wait and watch no more.
The darkness is deeper. Pale your eyes, and pale
Mine, shepherd, who keep this crest of rising ground

With cattle a few and poor. Poor all the grass,
But poorer at noonday when the shrivel'd tubes
Are haunted by cackling hoppers of the dust
Delighting in dearth and jeering at our woe.
Now fresher the grass since the last hours of night,
Dew-breathing have brought some little coolness down
Upon the dusty, dry and barren plain;
And I, shepherd, sent by a hard master here
To pasture his herd by night, since all day long
The tyrannous Sun makes wilderness of the world,
Sing loudly for fear and wait from thee, O Dawn,
Release. For around is darkness—depth of night
Impenetrate by such feeble stars as blink
For slumber like me, tired watcher of the earth.
But round me I hear the unclean cryes of night—
Wild laughter of beasts that hoot unholy joy,
Discovering their foul food; and I, unarm'd,
Not fearless of mightier monsters in the dark,
Companion the fiercest mother of the herd,
Half brother of her base kind, and fearing more
Who should be her keeper."

The Poetry of Chaucer

By Henry Newbolt

SETTING aside all matters of historical or antiquarian interest, what is the real pleasure of reading Chaucer—the simple direct pleasure which he gives to those who come to make his acquaintance without much learning, but with a love of poetry and sufficient good-will to carry them through the obstacles of antiquated spelling and dialect? It may be compared, I think, to the pleasure of travel, the pleasure not of escaping from our own life, but of changing it for a time, of leaving behind its complications, its narrowness and unrefreshed familiarity, of going away with the poet into a world which is partly new, and partly in accord with our own experiences and our own desires. This world of Chaucer's, what is it like, of what materials has he made it, and in what relation to it does he stand himself?

Let us leave behind, as he at last left behind, the unnatural twilight region of fantasy, of conventional "swevenes" and allegories; let us spend our time with the author of *Troilus and Criseyde* and of the *Canterbury Tales*. Here is poetry made from the best of raw materials —of "clay ta'en from the common earth." The beings who inhabit this world are men and women. They are not mere imaginings, monstrous or angelic. The Canterbury Pilgrims, since the day when they first rode from the Tabard, have never ceased to live with a full and intelligible life. There are among them some so modern that this seems natural enough. The old Knight is an example of the chivalrous character which is born again in every generation of Englishmen. The Squire is just the clean-run young man of any day, half dandy, half athlete, wholly amorous, but none the less a steady serviceable fellow. The Merchaunt has all the massive dignity that comes only from finance. The Sergeant of the Lawe is for ever piling up fees and buying land. We recognise his very manner :—

"No-where so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he seemed bisier than he was."

The Doctor's pharmacopæia may be out of date, but he uses it in the way we know:—

> "Full redy hadde he his apothecaries,
> To send him droggës and his letuaries,
> For ech of hem made other for to winne,
> Hir frendschipe nas nat newë to beginne."

He is a man of Science from the first:—

> "His studie was but litel on the bible."

The "poure Parson of a towne," the man of true religion, is with us still, no doubt, though he is little heard of in any age. Perhaps the most recent portrait of him was painted by Anthony Trollope in the *Last Chronicle of Barsetshire*.

Other characters there are whom at first sight we do not recognise: the Prioress, the Monk, the Friar, the Franklin, the Reeve, the Somnour, the Pardoner, the Wife of Bath. But not one of these is in reality extinct. They have changed their name and occupation, but they are all here still, for the principal part of each of them is a definite element of humanity. Chaucer in his notes has not merely described the superficial markings of a number of species which have long since perished, he has recorded permanent and recognisable types. This becomes doubly clear as soon as he sets his characters in action. When we accompany the Pilgrims on their way, when we hear them now entertaining and now angering each other, personally conducted in the fullest sense by their masterful and versatile host, we have no feeling of being among aliens. We are most of us, perhaps, more truly at home in their company than Chaucer himself was, for we are not troubled by his sense of isolation, that loneliness of the literary man among a throng of interests and forces which take so small account of him.

This truth to nature, as it is called, this power of exhibiting the universal in the particular, is attested in a very curious way. To an Englishman, Chaucer must always appear to be the most English of poets; for his diction, his metres, and his materials he may have drawn upon France and Italy, but the characters he creates and the standpoint from which he regards them are essentially our own. So

we feel, but our claim is not undisputed. The latest French critic of Chaucer assures us that he was entirely and fundamentally French—French in diction, French in temperament, French even by descent. To those who dwell among the mediæval Italians, he is, at least by adoption, a son of Italy. Even to Germans, we are told, there is a strangely familiar sound in his voice: to use one of his own words, he is no "fremde." These counter-claims cannot be altogether set aside. English as Chaucer undoubtedly is, it must be allowed that when he speaks to the inner man he speaks in the tongue wherein we were all born. For those, at any rate, who belong to the civilisation of Western Europe, the life which Chaucer has created breathes many familiar odours ancient and modern, some of the rankest, some of the most fragrant. One happy result of this universality is that the artist has an unexpectedly homogeneous medium to work in: time and space introduce into it no troublesome distinctions. Whether the scene is laid in Troy, in Italy, in Flanders, or in England, the poet has always the same freedom, the same possibility of using his gifts. His delicate observation, his shrewdness, his tenderness for his own personages, are never out of proportion: they never need supplementing by research or local colour, those two solid make-weights which the modern story-teller has unfortunately been compelled by conscience to throw into the scale of dreams. One can imagine what an Ebers, a Sienkiewics, or even a Flaubert, would have made of the story of Troilus and Criseyde. The reader would have risen from the book with the flattering impression that he was now familiar with the history and even with the manners and personalities of ancient Troy. Soon no doubt some Gilbert Murray would have destroyed his illusion, and some Andrew Lang perhaps would then have dashed in to reassure him. What Chaucer has done with the story is something quite different. He has placed it for ever beyond the reach of learning or controversy by setting it in a world of pure art, a world of which he is master, as no historian can ever be master of the world of place and time. There was a church festival:—

> "And to the temple, in al hir bestë wyse,
> In general, there wentë many a wight,
> To herknen of Palladion the servyse;

> And namëly, so many a lusty knight,
> So many a lady fresh and mayden bright,
> Ful wel arayèd, bothë moste and leste,
> Ye, bothë for the seson and the feste."

Was this in England or in Troy? Was it yesterday or five hundred years ago, or a thousand years before that? What matter?—

> "Among thise othere folk was Criseyda,
> In widewes habite blak:

and Troilus saw her:—

> "And sodeynly he wex ther-with astonèd,
> And gan hir bet biholde in thrifty wyse:
> 'O mercy God!' thoughte he, 'where hastow wonèd,
> That art so fair and goodly to devyse?'
> Ther-with his hertë gan to sprede and ryse,
> And softë sighèd, lest men mighte him here,
> And caught a-yein his firstë pleyinge chere.
>
> * * * * *
>
> To Troilus right wonder wel with-alle
> Gan for to lyke hir mening and hir chere,
> Which somdel deynous was, for she leet falle
> Hir look a lite a-side, in swich manere,
> Ascaunces, 'What! may I not stonden here?'
> And after that hir loking gan she lighte,
> That never thoughte him seen so good a sighte.
>
> And of hir look in him ther gan to quiken
> So greet desir, and swich affeccioun,
> That in his hertës botme gan to stiken
> Of hir his fixe and depe impressioun;
> And though he erst hadde pourèd up and doun,
> He was tho glad his hornës in to shrinke;
> Unnethes wiste he how to loke or winke."

In short, he had found out at last

> "that Love hadde his dwellinge
> With-inne the subtile stremës of hir yen."

It is in that same country that Pandarus, on a later day, begins his business of go-between with a morning call upon the lady, almost every detail of which could be related with perfect ease in the language of *Pride and Prejudice*. This is followed by the business of the dinner party, which Deiphebus (Troilus' brother) is induced to give, with the ostensible object of getting his relations to take an interest in the poor little widow's law suit, but in reality to provide an opportunity for throwing the young people at each other's heads. The party was just a plain family party, but digni-

fied by the presence of Queen Eleyne herself. It was as Deiphebus' sister that

> "Hoomly, sooth to seyne,
> She com to diner in hir playn intente,
> But God and Pandare wiste al what this mente."

Equally natural, and equally undateable, is the visit to Troilus in his sick-room, the introduction of Criseyde, always on business, and the timely departure of the two others to read an important letter in the garden. The scene ends with their return. Pandarus gives the alarm:—

> "But lo! no more as now of this matere,
> Forwhy this folk wol comen up anoon,
> That have the lettre red: lo, I them here. . . .
> With that Eleyne, and also Deiphebus
> Tho comen upward, right at the steyrës end."

As with this poem, so with the best of the Canterbury Tales: they live with a consistent and essentially human life. They are modern to-day, as they have been modern in every century since they were first created. They belong to the Chaucerian age, which is poetically contemporary with our own.

A second quality which distinguishes the life of Chaucer's world is its happiness. There is pain in it and there is perplexity, but there is neither agony nor rebellion. Fortune is fickle, but that is just a rule of the game: it is a good world. Love, of course, is a great risk:—

> "For love is yet the mostë stormy life
> Right of himself, that ever was bigonne:
> For ever some mistrust or nycë stryf
> There is in love, som cloud is over the sonne:
> Ther-to we wrecched women nothing conne,
> Whan us is wo, but wepe and sit and thinke;
> Our wrecche is this, our owene wo to drinke."

This is the lady's plight; and here is her lover's:—

> "Gret was the sorwe and pleynt of Troilus:
> But forth hir cours Fortune ay gan to holde.
> Criseyde loved the sone of Tydeus
> And Troilus mot wepe in carës colde.
> Swich is this world; whoso it can biholde,
> In ech estat is litel hertës reste:
> God leve us for to take it for the beste!"

Such reflections as these do not imperil optimism; on the contrary, they heighten happiness by making it more conscious. Whether conscious or not, Chaucer is funda-

mentally happy. Life is to him a field of delights. Of course, this is not everything—we cannot rest there, we shall ask whether he has the poet's double gift of vision: vision of earth, and vision of heart's desire. The first of these he has abundantly and it is in reality the rarer: the spirit, which alone perceives, has naturally more difficulty in expressing that which must be perceived by it through the veils of sense. It is impossible to go far in reading Chaucer without realising that his power of physical perception is extraordinarily fresh and keen. This does not come, as has been sometimes said, from living in the fresher atmosphere of an early age. The fourteenth century was not an early age in this sense: it was the end of a civilisation and the beginning of a decadence, an hour of evening and not of dawn. But the dew of the morning is upon Chaucer's eyes, as upon the eyes of Milton and of Keats:—

"But right as flourës, thorugh the colde of nighte
Y-closèd, stoupen on hir stalkës lowe,
Redressen hem a-yein the sonnë bright,
And spreden on their kindë cours by rowe;
Right so. . . ."

Yes, right so all the old beauties of the world come fresh and springing to the vision of this spirit. Even the moon and the nightingale keep their loveliness unspoiled and strange:—

"A nightingale, upon a cedar grene,
Under the chambre-wal ther as she lay,
Ful loudë sang again the monë shene,
Paraunter, in his briddes wyse, a lay
Of love, that made hir hertë fresh and gay.
That herkned she so longe in good entente
Til at the laste the dedë sleep hir hente."

The cedar, no doubt, was brought to the Chaucerian garden from Italy and through France, but the bird is the bird we know in England:—

"And as the newe abaysshèd nightingale
That stinteth first when she beginneth singe,
When that she hereth any herdë tale
Or in the hegges any wight steringe,
And after, siker dooth hir voys out-ringe;
Right so Criseydë, when hir dredë stente,
Opened hir herte, and told him hir entente."

The simile is striking, because it is new; and convincing, because it is familiar. The common things of life are full of these possibilities, for Chaucer.

Of the second gift we must give a different account. Chaucer's vision of Heart's Desire is, at first sight, only a fragmentary one, a confusion of broken lights. If he has not suffered the full crash of the storm, the total darkening of the sun, neither has he acquired the power to see the blue dome round and cloudless, or the heaven above heaven of the night. His consolations are not satisfying; they are too intellectual and too opportunist; too evidently borrowed and from inconsistent sources. The most complete example is the passage which immediately follows the death of Troilus:—

"And whan that he was slayn in this manere
His lightë goost ful blisfully is went
Up to the holownesse of the seventh spere,
In convers letinge every element;
And ther he saugh, with ful avysëment,
The erratic sterrës, herkeninge armonye
With sownës fulle of hevenish melodye.

And doun from thennës faste he gan avyse
This litel spot of erthe, that with the see
Embracèd is, and fully gan despyse
This wrecched world, and held al vanitee
To respect of the playn felicitee
That is in hevene above; and at the laste
Ther he was slayn, his lokinge doun he caste:

And in himself he lough right at the wo
Of them that wepten for his deeth so faste;
And dampnèd al our werk that folweth so
The blindë lust, the which that may not laste,
And shoulden al our herte on hevene caste.
And forthe he wentë, shortly for to telle,
Ther as Mercurie sorted him to dwelle.

* * * * *

O youngë fresschë folkës, he or she,
In which that love upgroweth with your age,
Repeyreth hoom from worldly vanitee,
And of your herte up-casteth the visage
To thilkë God that after his image
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but a fayre—
This world, that passeth sone as flowrës fayre."

There can, I think, be no difference of opinion about the poetical quality of this passage. It is beautiful, touching, even consoling. It lays the reader completely under the spell of the poet's mood. But I cannot help seeing also that for those who look twice at it, whether from the artistic or the intellectual point of view, it must be in many ways unsatisfactory. Art knows but one tense; beauty is either present or non-existent. But in Chaucer's thought a wide

sea lies between the shore of this life and that of the Happy Isles. For him the perfect state must be a future state. His Paradise is the Heaven of a creed, and that a creed not wholly grasped or whole-heartedly believed. The question of the possible co-existence of Time and Eternity has never even occurred to him. The miseries and instability of mortal life are to be escaped by following the precepts of revealed religion. But he has, unfortunately, failed to perceive that this method, as he understands it, involves the total abandonment of all the happiness and all the beauty—even the moral beauty—of that very world whose imperfection he is endeavouring to remedy. If ever man loved worthily, he tells us, it was Troilus; yet his love failed him. Till the moment of disaster, love was all life and the meaning of it; but when the failure came that meaning was instantly untrue. Love's surrender, love's service, love's union, love's faithfulness, all disappear as things of nought. They have in a moment become "feyned loves" and "thise wrecched worldes appetytes." Man's sorrow comes from loving the creature instead of the Creator; and this, in some odd way, is the fault of the heathen deities:—

"Lo here, of Pagens corsëd oldë rytes,
Lo here, what al hir goddës may availle;
Lo here, thise wrecched worldës appetytes:
Lo here, the fyn and guerdon for travaille
Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich rascaille!"

This philosophy is the less satisfactory, because it is not consistently put forward on all similar occasions. In the Knight's Tale, when the lover must die and leave his lady to his rival, an exquisitely pathetic scene ends with the avowal of a resignation which is almost agnostic:—

"Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwellèd in his hertë syk and sore,
Gan faillen, when the hertë feltë deeth,
Duskèd his eyen two, and faillèd breeth.
But on his lady yet caste he his eye;
His lastë word was 'Mercy, Emelye.'
His spirit chaungèd hous and wentë ther,
As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher.
Therefore I stinte, I nam no divinistre;
Of soulës finde I nat in this registre,
Ne me ne list thilke opiniouns to telle
Of hem, though that they wryten wher they dwelle.
Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soulë gye;
Now wol I speken forth of Emelye."

And the whole matter is concluded with a stoical exhortation :—

"Ther helpeth noght, al goth that ilkë weye,
Thanne may I seyn that al this thing moot dye.
What maketh this but Jupiter the King,
The which is prince and cause of allë thing?
* * * * *
Thanne is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,
To maken virtue of necessitee,
And take it wel, that we may not eschue,
And namëly, that to us alle is due.
And whoso gruccheth ought, he dooth folye,
And rebel is to him that al may gye."

So much for Chaucer's statement of his belief, or beliefs, about human life and happiness. But in this matter his feeling goes far deeper than his intellect. He is really neither a pagan philosopher nor a theological ascetic. He sees the life of the soul only in fitful and uncertain gleams, but they are gleams of a true inward light, of that indeed which is the master-light of all our seeing. His religion, which is not the same thing as his confused acceptance of dogma, and his philosophy, which is not the same thing as his chaotic fatalism, cannot perhaps be more precisely stated in words. But they are felt, they are his own, and they cover the whole of life. They are both founded in a deep loving-kindness, an all-including sympathy, which does not forbid the most penetrating analysis, but ensures that it shall never be unmerciful. The atmosphere of his world is brilliantly clear, but it is soft at the same time. It has none of that hard glare in which the myriad colours and delicate shades of life go out and leave only an unnatural contrast of black and white. Its sunlight is genial and impartial, its darkness full of pity.

"What is this world? What asketh men to have?
Now with his love, now in his coldë grave
Allone, withouten any companye."

Sunt lacrimae rerum. What we look for in a poet is, first, that he should perceive the delight of earth; then that he should recognise that there are tears in human life. Beyond this there is a further gift, which is not Chaucer's; but what he gives is much. By that which he loves and weeps for, we know, not how, but in what spirit, he would re-mould the sorry scheme of things.

To those who accept what I have said, it will not be

surprising to find that Chaucer, though he has made a world of his own, does not inhabit it himself. Poetry is for him an external thing: the poet is a craftsman like any other, only as his craft is the most worthy of all, he is a "maker" by a special use of the word. To make poetry is then one of his activities, not probably the chief one, but the one he likes best. It is a separate part of life: the idea of poetry as mingling with and helping to make the whole of life and its activities, was certainly not his. He does not know that as he writes he is making his own life: he believes that in this act, as in others, he is merely, like the persons in his tales, living out the story allotted to him. It follows that as artist he is one, not with his creation, but with the spectator of it. He travels with us, an infinitely vivacious and charming companion, always mindful of his duty to us, never forgetting that our pleasure depends upon his skill. He is most anxious to convince: he stops to argue against possible objections to his plot, he even tries to shift his responsibility on to the predecessor whom he humbly mistakes for the author of his work:—

> "For-why to every lovere I me excuse,
> That of no sentement I this endyte,
> But out of Latin in my tonge it wryte."

What he really does is even more than to travel with us: he takes us up into "the hollowness of a sphere," from which we can look down with him upon "this litel spot of erthe" and see a crowd of men and women going their ways upon it—among them one called Geoffrey Chaucer—not too far below for us to see them as living contemporaries and recognise their emotions with sympathy and pity, but not near enough for their feeling to kindle ours, for the agony of their joy or sorrow to re-awake in us the passion of our own existence.

"The genius of Chaucer," says an honoured critic, "is essentially dramatic." Certainly he has great delight in character, and the power of exhibiting it in action and in dialogue. But he is no dramatist. We have seen already that his tragedy is not really tragic, it has no lightnings in the dark, no breaking up of great deeps, it is only a story which begins happily and ends unhappily. His comedy is stronger, but it is not the art of the stage, it is the Comédie

Humaine, a narrative art implying a different principle of creation. The true dramatist has a special relation to his personages: he has not merely observed them, he has made them, begotten them, endowed them with the very blood and breath by which he himself lives. However widely they may differ from him in character, part of him is reproduced in each of them; and it is in those reproductions alone that he is visible to his audience. Between Chaucer and the persons in his stories this relation does not exist; they do not always share his life, and he is never content to be lost and found in them. He is often simply a reporter and always personally present with the audience. In short, his genius is essentially narrative.

The distinction is worth making, because it is a significant one and because it enables us to give Chaucer his true rank as the finest teller of stories who ever wrote in English verse. He is lacking just where the true dramatist excels, but he has all the qualities of the true story-teller. Perhaps the one which comes first to mind is that of humour, if only because of the originality which it implies. Chaucer has been called the first humourist of modern Europe, and the gulf between him and his predecessors is so great that the phrase is justified. There is, of course, humour in the stories of Boccaccio, but it is for the most part either clownish or satirical; it more often hurts than amuses the modern reader. The wit is either innuendo or mere common sense: the fun is the fun of the practical joke, or "score." This is not comedy, as Meredith has described it: "the singular scene of charity issuing of disdain under the stroke of honourable laughter." But Chaucer's humour does fit this description. The Canterbury Tales are, for the most part, a succession of just such scenes; they exhibit the weaknesses of human nature, but always without lashing them as vices. The stroke of honourable laughter resounds on all sides; the story-tellers laugh at the stories and at each other, the Great Story-teller laughs at them and at himself. But the laughter with which he infects us is not the laughter of disdain or of horse-play, it is the subtle and almost silent laughter which comes from recognising human frailties and the curious deviations which they cause in human life. Even where there is complete disdain, as in the case of the Pardoner and the Somnour, there is never

the least touch of magisterial or personal feeling. Even in the *fabliaux*, traditional anecdotes of the practical joke type, the definition holds. The Reeve's Tale and the Miller's Tale are of the kind now considered unrepeatable, but they are not unreadable, because, in spite of their coarseness, there is nothing in them tending either to sensuality or cruelty. The Cambridge undergraduate was horribly revenged upon the miller, but to the miller's daughter, the real victim, he is represented as showing tenderness and even a kind of chivalry. In the Merchant's Tale the aged husband is deceived, but he is neither despised nor abused, as he would have been in Boccaccio's book. The Carpenter of Oxenford is in similar case; the Miller tells the tale to bring contempt on him and his fellows, but Chaucer is perfectly impartial. For him the story is only an example of what naturally happens when an old and jealous man marries a girl of eighteen and keeps her "narrow in cage":—

> "Men sholdë wedden after hir estaat,
> For youthe and elde is often at debaat.
> But sith that he was fallen in the snare
> He moste endure, as other folk, his care."

"His care"—the injury done to him—is not regarded as "conduct"; it is simply a result, a state of things neither advocated nor deprecated. Chaucer's moral feeling is far too sensitive and too honest to class May's infidelity with Criseyde's unfaithfulness, or to ask the same sympathy for January as for Troilus. The one story belongs to the realm of farce, where fun is produced by juggling with the prosaic aspect of things: the other to that of tragedy, which can admit true humour, though, of course, only incidentally.

Incidentally, in this case, means chiefly in the part of Pandarus, a character of astonishing subtlety and vivacity. Inevitably, but very regrettably, Shakespeare has in this respect, as in others, gone far to spoil the story for us. Into his play on the Trojan War he has woven a version of it so abrupt and brutal that criticism has entirely failed to supply it with anything like an acceptable meaning. Bad as is the psychology of his Troilus and his Cressida, that of his Pandar is worse. Rather, there is none, the character is simply a thing to carry an old label: Pandar has no motive of his own. If this play had been the first suggestion,

the rude sketch made in a primitive age, and Chaucer's the rationalised and refined picture developed from it, we could have found thanks for Shakespeare. As it is we can but regret that he thought fit to amuse the Elizabethan playgoer by scrawling so coarsely over a page which already bore Chaucer's beautiful handwriting. Pandarus has a motive: he is a human being from the first, the "fulle friend" of Troilus:—

"I wolë parten with thee al thy peyne,
If it so be I do thee no comfort,
As it is freendës right, sooth for to seyne,
To enterparten wo, as glad desport.
I have, and shal, for trewe or fals report,
In wrong and right y-loved thee al my lyve:
Hyd not thy wo from me, but telle it blyve."

And Troilus does tell him at last, though he refuses to believe in the possibility of any good coming of the confidence, for Pandarus is himself an unsuccessful lover:—

"'This were a wonder thing," quod Troilus
'Thou coudest never in love thyselven wisse,
How devil maystow bringen me to blisse?'"

But Pandarus, delighted to find that the lady is his own niece, Criseyde, begins at once to enjoy the situation; and first remembers that Troilus is an old blasphemer against love:—

"For thou were wont to chace
At Love in scorn, and for despyt him calle
'Seynt Idiot, lord of thise foolës alle.'
How often hastow made thy nycë japes
And seyd, that Lovës servants everichone
Of nycetee ben verrey goddës-apes,
And somë woldë monche hir mete alone,
Ligging a-bedde, and make hem for to grone:
And some, thou seydest, hadde a blaunchë fevere,
And preydest God he sholdë never kevere!'"

He then sets himself with the most intent forethought and cunning, to weave the web of deceit in which Criseyde is at last enmeshed. One of his devices is to get up a correspondence between the young couple. He prompts, though he will not write, the first letter on each side. These are his instructions to the lover:—

"Touching thy lettere, thou art wys y-nough,
I woot thou nilt it digneliche endyte;
As make it with thise argumentës tough;

Ne scrivenish or craftily thou it wryte;
Beblotte it with thy terës eek a lyte:
And if thou wryte a goodly word al softe,
Though it be good, reherce it not too ofte."

There is no need to go through the plot in detail; it is enough to say that at every stage of it Pandarus shows a wonderful knowledge of the heart of man, and a still more wonderful knowledge of the ways of woman. He is himself a very complex character, almost a double personality. His object is one which he knows will not bear the light of day; and he pursues it unscrupulously, by every kind of deceit. But again and again we are bidden to mark the genuineness of the feeling which is his only motive. He has, no doubt, a gift of acting. He tells Criseyde she can do as she pleases about Troilus, to make him live or die:—

"But if ye lete him deyë, I wol sterve;
Have here my trouthë, nece, I nil not lyen;
Al sholde I with this knyf my throtë kerve.'
With that the terës brast out of his yën,
And seyde 'if that ye doon us bothë dyen
Thus giltelees, then have ye fisshèd faire:
What mendë ye, though that we bothe apeyre?'"

But he is not merely an actor, he is one "that so wel coudë fele in everything," one who, when he saw his friend's pain,

"Wex wel nigh deed for routhë, sooth to seyne."

He is perfectly aware of his own false position; he reminds Troilus "in a sober wyse" of all that he has done for him out of sheer compassion:—

"And have it brought to swich plyt as thou wost,
So that, thorugh me, thou stondest now in weye
To farë wel, I seye it for no bost,
And wostow why?—for shame it is to seye,
For thee I have begonne a gamen pleye
Which that I never doon shal eft for other
Although he were a thousand fold my brother.

That is to seye, for thee I am bicomen,
Bitwixen fame and ernest, swich a mene
As maken wommen unto men to comen:
Al sey I nought, thou wost wel what I mene."

To which Troilus, speaking, no doubt, for Chaucer as well as himself, responds by assuring him that he quite sees the distinction between his conduct and that of baser folk incited by "coveityse."

It remains only to add that the conversation of Pandarus

throughout is garnished with proverbial and vernacular expressions of the utmost vivacity. See how he flogs the timid lover:—

"Quod Pandarus, 'thou wrecched mouse's herte,
Art thou agast so, that she wol thee byte?"

And how he lashes the fellows who boast of their imaginary acquaintance with great ladies:—

"Now lokë thanne, if they be nought to blame,
Swich maner folk; what shal I clepe hem, what,
That hem avaunte of wommen, and by name,
That never yet behighte hem this ne that,
Ne knewe hem morë than myn oldë hat?
No wonder is, so God me sendë hele,
Though wommen dredë with us men to dele."

I have ventured to speak at some length of Pandarus, because I believe that he is not so well known as he ought to be. Of Chaucer's other great humorous creation, the Wyf of Bath, there is surely no need to offer so long an account. As a character-study her Prologue goes far beyond any drama ever written: it is the revelation of a whole life, a whole personality, in a single unbroken speech of eight hundred lines. It reaches the high-water mark of Chaucer's humour, because it contains the maximum of malice with a still unfailing admixture of charity, and even of sympathy. It is thought that Chaucer's own married life was unhappy, and that he himself ascribed the unhappiness to the shrewish conduct of his wife. There are passages in some of the other poems which give colour to this theory, but the Wyf of Bath's Prologue is remarkable for the evenness with which the blame seems to be distributed between the pair. The lady is no doubt a terrible termagant, but the most terrible thing about her is the certainty of the strokes with which she belabours her husbands. Whether he remembered it or not, Chaucer was beating himself when he gave her these lines to wield:—

"Thou seydest eek, that ther ben thingës three,
The whichë thingës troublen al this erthe . . .
Yet prechestow, and seyst, an hateful wyf
Y-rekened is for oon of thise meschaunces.
Ben ther none other maner resemblaunces
That ye may lykne your parábles to,
But if a sely wyf be oon of tho?
Thou lykenest wommanës love to helle,
To bareyne land, ther water may not dwelle.

Thou lyknest it also to wildë fyr;
The more it brenneth, the more it hath desyr
To consume everything that brent wol be.
Thou seyst that right as wormës shende a tree
Right so a wyf destroyeth hir husbonde:
This knowë they that been to wyvës bonde."

Probably he did remember only too well, for he shows what a mistake it is to make such charges, and how easily they are defeated. (The lady's boast that she invented them all herself is, of course, only a touch of her character—Chaucer knows better.)

"Lordinges, right thus, as ye have understonde,
Bar I stifly myn olde housbondes on honde,
That thus they seyden in hir dronkennesse;
And al was fals, but that I took witnesse
On Janekin and on my nece also.
O lord, the peyne I dide hem and the wo,
Ful giltelees, by goddës swetë pyne!
For as an hors I coudë byte and whyne,
I coudë pleyn, thogh I were in the gilt,
Or ellës often tyme hadde I ben spilt.
Who-so that first to millë comth, first grint;
I pleynèd first, so was our warre y-stint.
They were ful glad t'excusen hem ful blyve
Of thing of which they never agilte hir lyve.

But in all this long revelation of the shrewish and tyrannical in woman, the qualities most contrary to his ideal, there is never a trace of anger, never a moment when the voice becomes hard or harsh. On the contrary, it is plain that in spite of all her faults he sympathises with the Wyf in her one most dominant characteristic, the zest of life:—

"But lord Christ! whan that it remembreth me
Upon my yowthe, and on my jolitee,
It tikleth me aboute myn hertë rote,
Unto this day it dooth myn hertë bote
That I have had my world as in my tyme."

Such lines as these remind us that Chaucer's humour is of the finest kind: it is not a succession of *tours de force*. It is not an external thing, a thing apart, it is a thread which runs through the whole fabric of his mind, and the fabric is so subtly woven of contrasts that humour and earnest, or humour and pathos, are like the two colours in a piece of shot silk, only different aspects of one and the same material. When a humorous thought comes into Chaucer's mind there is no break in his narrative mood: the light in his eyes is seen to change for a moment, the voice keeps

the same key. The fact that Pandarus is in the same room with them does not make the relation between his lovers less perfect. I have already quoted the lines which describe their first meeting in church. It was not long afterwards that Criseyde saw Troilus riding home from battle through the streets of Troy, and marked, when the people cheered him, how sobreliche he caste doun his eyen, and waxed a little red for shame. The sight was like water to her thirst:—

> "Criseyda gan al his chere aspyen,
> And let so softe it in hir hertë sinke
> That to hirself she seyde 'who yaf me drinke?'"

No description of her beauty could arouse in us such sympathy as these four words. They have their perfect echo on the night when Troilus holds her captive and finds that the surrender for which he is clamouring so desperately was brought about long ago, and not by any force of his:—

> "This Troilus in armës gan hir streyne
> And seyde 'O swete, as ever mote I goon,
> Now be ye caught, now is there but we tweyne:
> Now yeldeth yow, for other boot is noon.'
> To that Criseyde answerdë thus anon,
> 'Ne hadde I ere now, my swetë hertë dere
> Ben yolde, y-wis I werë now not here!'"

Her womanliness is not her weakness: love may conquer her, but her lover cannot. She tells him so with a noble frankness:—

> "'But natheless, this warne I yow,' quod she,
> 'A kingës sone al-though ye be, y-wis,
> Ye shal na-more have soverainetee
> Of me in love, than right in that case is;
> Ne I nil forbere, if that ye doon a-mis,
> To wrathen yow: and whyl that ye me serve,
> Cherycen yow right after ye deserve.
>
> And shortly, derë herte and al my knight,
> Beth glad, and draweth yow to lustinesse,
> And I shal trewëly, with al my might,
> Your bittre tornen al into swetenesse;
> If I be she that may yow do gladnesse,
> For every wo ye shal recovere a blisse:'
> And him in armës took, and gan him kisse."

No one has ever seen more clearly than Chaucer, or drawn more perfectly, the difference in the attitudes of the two figures when a man stands face to face with his soul's

mistress. On the one side hesitation, sheer force, panic, inspiration: on the other shame, pride, admiration, motherliness. This is his picture of that world-wide and age-old subject: "The Angel and the Ass." The scene is the lovers' first serious interview; she is asking his help in a business affair:—

"This Troilus that herde his lady preye
Of lordship him, wex neither quik ne deed,
Ne mighte a word for shamë to it seye,
Although men sholdë smyten off his head,
But lord, so he wex sodeinliche reed,
And sire, his lesson, that he wendë conne,
To preyen hir, is through his wit y-ronne.
Criseyde al this aspyède wel y-nough,
For she was wys, and loved him never-the-lasse,
Al nere he malapert, or made it tough,
Or was too bold, to sing a fool a masse."

Troilus, on his side, is a man from head to heel: his clumsiness does not come from lack of feeling, but from the intensity of it. He is perceptive enough, he can take in the messages of love's wordless telepathy.

"But thilkë litel that they speke or wroughte,
His wysë goost took ay of al swich hede
It semed hir he wistë that she thoughte
Withouten word, so that it was no nede
To bidde him ought to done, or ought forbede:
For which she thought that love, al come it late,
Of allë joye hadde opned hir the gate."

He knows that man's part in life is to serve and to be guided, that "the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it":—

"But hertë myn, of your benignitee,
So thenketh, though that I unworthy be,
Yet mote I nede amenden in some wyse,
Right thourgh the vertu of your hyghe servyse.

And for the love of God, my lady dere,
Sin God hath wrought me for I shal yow serve,
As thus I mene, that ye wol be my stere,
To do me live, if that yow liste, or sterve,
So techeth me, how that I may deserve
Your thank, so that I through myn ignoraunce,
Ne do no-thing that yow be displeasaunce."

He knows that in the really great things insight goes beyond reason; he is eager that his lady should be his "stere." His only anxiety comes from a consciousness of his own

unworthiness, and the consequent uncertainty of his place in her heart:—

> "But natheless, myn owenë lady bright,
> Yit were it so that I wiste outrely
> That I, your humble servaunt and your knight,
> Were in your hertë set so fermëly
> As ye in mine, the which thing, trewëly,
> Me lever were than thisë worldës tweyne,
> Yet sholde I bet enduren al my peyne."

Time gives him the proof of this, and he has his reward. He becomes the best defender of his country, and, save Hector, the fighter most dreaded of the enemy:—

> "And this encrees of hardinesse and might
> Cam him of love, his ladie's thank to winne,
> That alterèd his spirit so withinne."

This is the highest point of the story, the glorious summer from which it declines sharply into the winter of our discontent. The end is inexplicable: Chaucer must make Criseyde unfaithful, for he cannot refuse to follow his "author," but he is perplexed and grieved. We are much less so, for the poet consoles others, though he cannot console himself. His golden and unfailing kindliness gains upon us, it illumines the story to the end, and the memory of it, when day sinks, fills the twilight with significance. We see that he will not condemn Criseyde, because he has loved her, and nothing that she has done can alter that. She was a perfect lover; she was unfaithful; how can this be reconciled? Are we to go back, and find that we were mistaken, that from the first she was a light woman, luxurious or merely frivolous? That may be Shakespeare's Cressid, never Chaucer's. Are we to go forward and reopen the story, demand some longer and more convincing account of the change in her? This is beyond Chaucer and perhaps beneath him. He has a tolerance, a tenderness for human nature, which may almost be called faith. He cannot explain, he cannot make inconsistency reasonable; but he gives to the reader, perhaps without knowing it himself, the secret that men and women are what they are, and not by any means always what they do.

This, then, is the atmosphere of Chaucer's world, a kind of late afternoon sunshine, with some return of the freshness of the morning, but with the tenderer shadows

cast by a westering light. It may seem to work a very slight transformation of "real life," but the result is singularly complete and consistent, if it is looked at as a whole. In isolated passages, and sometimes in a single story, Chaucer may appear to be working almost in the key of spirited prose; his sketches of a sea-fight or a farmyard alarm are just brilliant sketches; one of his tales is a morality, another an anecdote, his sermon (if it be his) is a mere sermon. But if he is read largely and with understanding, he will do for us what only a great writer can do: he will impart some of the power and delicacy of his own vision, and so enrich the mind not merely with a new experience, but with a new capacity for experience. A reader, old or young, may go to Chaucer for a story, a primitive jest, a phrase, or even for a fact, an incident of a kind outside his own knowledge. He may get such things, prosaic things, there as elsewhere, and he may go away and do with them what he will, perhaps to his own detriment. But if he will only stay longer and travel further with Chaucer, he may learn to see with his eyes. That would be to create for himself some such world as Chaucer's—a world of high ideals, but of large tolerance, of frank masculine humour, but of the most perfect delicacy of feeling.

"Khaki"

By May Sinclair

THIS is the tale that Roland Simpson told about that queer girl he was engaged to, Frances Archdale.

I can't remember when she first met Miles Dickinson; but it must have been the same year that I did, somewhere in the late 'nineties. And it was at Chelsea when we were all living with profound economy in the dear old Vale, or near it.

He certainly was not an intimate friend of hers. I don't know that you could have called him a friend at all. You couldn't even say that she knew him very well. That's the queer part of it. Their acquaintance stopped short of friendship because—well, because of the absurdities we saw in him. We saw nothing else. You couldn't take him seriously without being absurd yourself. It's inconceivable the ass he was.

He got in among us because of his absurd respect for what he called our achievements; and he stayed because we simply couldn't have afforded to let him go. He amused us too much, and we (I like to think) may have sometimes amused *him*. I have by me now a sketch that Frances made of him. *That* was an achievement, if you like.

He was the sort of ass that's always going in for things, poring over text-books, struggling with the unborn and the unbearable. I can see him now, sitting at that table over there with his hands in his hair, beating his brains for rhymes to "lover" (it was we, I'm afraid, who fired him). He took quite meekly any that we gave him except "plover," which he rejected, I remember, on the ground that it had been used before, and was far-fetched any way. He had lights sometimes that amazed us. Then he was always inventing things. At odd moments he had con-

ceived (for us, if you please) a fountain pen which simply couldn't run dry (he called it the Perennial); also (for whom heaven knows!) a projectile to be used in time of war. It was, if I remember, to go up like a rocket and come down like a parachute, when it was estimated to destroy fifteen men, standing in close formation, and *then* to explode "laterally, my dear Simpson, laterally!" A terrific engine. When we told him that the Perennial was mightier than the Parachute, he would look at us and reply darkly, "Possibly. Possibly—in time of peace."

But don't run away with the idea that there was any sort of insanity about him. It was our fantastic handling of him that stimulated him to his most prodigious flights. In the bank that employed him he was as sane as a churchwarden, and competent—from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, or later, an inimitably competent little banker's clerk. He had a splendid head for business and for figures—totted them up with his little darting forefinger at lightning speed.

We called him The Weazel because of the way he entrenched himself in his bank, and because of his bright-eyed alacrity in leaving it. Those of us who banked at the Metropolitan and Provincial used to visit him there and "draw" him, when we drew our slender cheques, a process he resented profoundly. We'd no business, he said, to come rotting him in business hours. How would we like it if he—and we retorted that we hadn't any business hours. Frances used to say that was what made it so mean of us, when the poor thing couldn't retaliate. But out of business hours there was nothing that he wouldn't stand from us, nothing that he wouldn't take, from rhymes to nicknames. We gave him lots. But far and away the best we found for him was "Khaki." When I say "We," I mean Frances. It was a nice name, and I think he liked it. It had, especially in her mouth, a diminutive, endearing sound. Whether he liked it or not, we adopted it with rapture, and it suited him better than any of his names, even the Perennial or the Parachute.

For he *was* khaki: his face, his little wisp of a moustache, his scrub of hair, with the front of it leaping up at you in a queer ungovernable tuft over his forehead; his very eyes were a sort of shade of khaki, and, I believe, if

you'd stripped him, you'd have found him all khaki underneath.

That was when the Boer War broke out (a chance, we said, for "Khaki's" parachute). We never called him anything else, because of the way he went on about it. Not about the parachute (he'd abandoned that idea long ago), but about the war, the war. It had regularly got on his nerves, poor chap. He cut out all the maps the papers published and stuck them about his rooms with wafers. You'd find him there surrounded by maps, and with the last one spread out on the table before him, making imaginary plans of the campaign. You'd see him with his little forefinger crawling along the veld and pouncing now and then as if he'd really got the enemy that time, while he explained that if So and So had only done what you saw *him* doing just now there wouldn't have been that last "regrettable incident." He had a theory about every battle, and every skirmish; and every British disaster as it came along made him more cock-sure. And as the regrettable incidents multiplied he was presently explaining to us that if this, that, and the other had been done (which couldn't, of course, at the moment have *been* done), the whole thing would have been over in a month or two. The Tommies, he declared, knew more about it than the Generals.

The fun of the thing was that before the war broke out he was always talking about enlisting or volunteering, but when his opportunity stared him in the face, as you may say, we heard no more of it. He was one of those fellows who are always doing magnificent things in their heads, marvellous things on paper. And why on earth, when he could treat himself that way to all the sublime taste and vision of glory, why should he have done anything else? *We* saw to it that he rose to rapid promotion. From Mr. Thomas Atkins he became Sergeant, Lieutenant, Captain, Colonel Dickinson, D.S.O. But it was after Colenso that he flourished among us as Major-General Sir Miles Dickinson, K.C.B.

After Spion Kop he began to lie low a bit. By that time people *were* beginning to volunteer right and left of him. They had volunteered out of his own bank, and it wasn't very safe for him to talk about it. He used to look

at us in those days in a kind of deprecating way, as if he thought we expected him to go.

Why, bless you, it was the last thing you did expect of "Khaki." He wasn't the kind that go. You'd only got to mention the evening paper to see how he funked it.

He had got a rise that year, and he wasn't going to stir from the Metropolitan or from the villa at Brixton where he lived, heaven knows how. We hardly ever went to see him there. It was surprising how little, after all, we knew about him. We had to eke it out with extraordinary speculations as to his home-life—the Life, as we used to say, at Brixton. We wrote him and we drew him in every conceivable attitude and in every conceivable relation; we did it all, or what was printable of it, for Frances Archdale, to her infinite amusement.

It was comparatively late that we found out that the Life at Brixton was complicated, not to say hampered, by the existence of an invalid mother in a bedroom upstairs. He told us nothing, but we inferred complications from the falling off in the number and duration of his visits and from his increasing inability to come and dine.

Then the mother died, quite suddenly, and he appeared again among us. We'd got so into the habit of thinking him funny that when he told us that the old lady had passed away—"quite peacefully, Simpson, quite peacefully"—I'm not sure that we didn't think it humorous of him in a subtle way. Frances, however, I'm bound to say, refused to go with us this time as far as that. It was going, she said, a bit too far.

But though she did occasionally urge decency upon us, Frances was worse than any of us. Within the limits of the printable, she went farther.

What? You think that showed——? Not a bit of it. She wasn't in love with him—then. Oh, if you ask me how I know, I can only tell you I had the best reason in the world for knowing. We'd been engaged for the last six months. Underneath? No; not even underneath. She was the straightest woman I ever knew, and the sincerest. It wasn't in her to hide or disguise a feeling. It wasn't in her to make fun—like that—of anybody she cared about, or even moderately liked. And if you'd only seen him! You couldn't have been afraid of Khaki as a possible rival.

You couldn't have considered him as in the running at all.

And don't imagine for a moment that he cared for *her*. That would have made him absurder than he was. It spoils it—what's coming (*she* said so)—if you think of either of them as caring—then.

I don't think he knew the feeling. Women didn't seem to appeal to him in any way. There were some of us who doubted if he had ever—— But we needn't go into that. I only mentioned it for the rumness of it.

After Ladysmith another young clerk from the Metropolitan volunteered for South Africa. It was Khaki who told us of his going. He put it to us, was there anything else the boy could do? To be sure, he had a mother living, but he wasn't the only son. There were, he said, two others. That ought to have given us the clue, but it didn't. When he had left us Frances asked me, Did I think for a moment he'd go too? I said, "Not he. He's gone already, twenty times, in fancy. The Weasel must by this time be fed up with South Africa."

"What do you think will become of him?" she said then. "What do you think he'll really do?"

We were always planning fantastic careers, outrageous histories for him. This time I was tired of him and serious, so I said, "He won't do anything. He'll just go on weaseling."

We'd made a verb out of him, "to weasel." It meant to be fatuous, to be ineffectual, to be, in a sudden, darting, almost furtive fashion, preposterous and absurd. Khaki would go on behaving according to his nature, go on forever being the mild ass he was.

A fortnight after, I met Frances on the Embankment and she turned and walked to the Vale with me.

"Have you seen Khaki?" she asked me.

I hadn't.

I didn't know, then, he was going out, after all?

We looked at each other and smiled indecorously. It didn't seem credible. But it was true. He had enlisted in the Imperial Yeomanry. The bank, she said, had given him his outfit and his horse. Did I think he'd be able to stick on it?

I didn't.

He was to sail, I learnt, in less than a week.

I and another fellow went down to Southampton to see Khaki off.

We chaffed him up to the last minute, to his immense delight. We simply had to, because if we hadn't we couldn't have borne it. Besides, it was the first time we'd seen him *in* it; and flesh and blood couldn't resist him. He was all one colour now; his face was only a paler and his eyes a brighter shade of it. The cock of his hat didn't suit him, and it let that tuft of hair escape. His uniform, made in a hurry, fitted vilely; the jacket was too loose and long, and the breeches much too baggy before they went in too tight. And his putties—they looked as if they'd been wound round his legs by a ladies' ambulance class. He said he hadn't got the hang of them yet, and there weren't any calves to keep them up. He was horribly pale going on board; he suggested ashes and green clay—the foreshadowing of awful things. The man who was with me declared afterwards that Khaki must have been made drunk and been put up to go, and that in his heart, poor chap, he funked it. What was the use, he said, of sending fellows like that out? What they wanted was men.

I didn't think anything of Khaki's colour, because I happened to know that he was a bad sailor, so abominably bad that it was doubtful if there would be much left of Khaki when they landed him. Why, the very sight of the ship was more than he could stand. When they were casting off and he was trying to wave to us from her side, she gave a heave, and the last we saw of Khaki doesn't bear thinking about.

In fact, he didn't bear thinking about at all. And by degrees, because he was so painful to us, we left off thinking about him.

But at first we thought a lot. We kept on saying to each other that he'd be all right because of his protective colouring. *In* khaki, with his tuft of hair sticking out, he would be indistinguishable from any bit of veld with scrub on it. All but his eyes, which would continue to dart and shine in the sun, and would make him a mark—we reflected dolefully, till Frances hit on the idea that Khaki's eyes would simply be taken for little lizards, little darting lizards in the grass.

We speculated freely as to why he went. It was just possible, after all, we thought, that some girl had chucked him. But it wasn't likely. As Frances said, he couldn't *be* chucked, if nobody had ever taken him up. Nobody ever had, as far as we knew. And he wasn't the sentimental sort, the sort that cherishes a grudge against things in general because the women don't seem to care about him. Of course, they may have cared; there may have been rows of them who'd have given their eyes for him, absurd as he was, for anything I know. My point is that he wasn't giving *his* eyes, that he wasn't absurd in that way; and that if any woman was at the bottom of it, it wasn't Frances. I tell you, the queer part of it was that she hardly knew him.

In moments of remorse we fancied that it was we, by continually chaffing him, who had made him go.

But it wasn't we. I see now what it was. I think I should have seen it even if Frances—I mean her extraordinary behaviour afterwards—hadn't made me see.

It was she who heard before any of us, who found the account of him, I should say; the small picturesque bit in a special correspondent's paragraph. It was long after Ladysmith and Mafeking, when news began to leak through into the papers. Not that this leaked. It rushed, it leaped at us; at Frances first, then me.

I had found her in her room with the paper in her hands. She gave it me without a word. I remember noticing that she didn't seem what you would call shocked, nor yet upset or excited. Her teeth were locked tight, but her eyes glowed at me. There was a sort of exaltation about her.

We stood looking at each other, just knowing then, a little more vividly, a little more poignantly than anybody else—because, you see, *we* had known him—what everybody knows now, how Corporal Miles Dickinson, of the 99th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry, had volunteered to carry despatches somewhere or other: because he knew the way. In fact, he knew two ways: the shorter and less obvious leading close beside the Boer camp. Of course, the details didn't get through then; we heard afterwards how he found his way, the shorter way (he, Khaki, found it), how he delivered his despatches and returned, with other despatches, by the other way, the safe and obvious

one; under orders, damned, no doubt, for a fool, and with two other men to look after him and see that he didn't make a fool of himself a second time. And how on the safe way, among the scrub, three Boers began potting them at close range; how the other men who were looking after Khaki rode off—without the despatches; and how little Khaki dismounted—damning *them*, you bet, for worse than fools—put a match to his dangerous papers and destroyed them; and then, at his ripe leisure, fired, and was fired at; and fell, shot through the eyes.

When she saw my face as I came to it she broke down.

Our communion in the next few weeks, as soon as we could bear to talk about him, had Miles Dickinson for its sole and sacred object. Miles Dickinson—the terrible thing was that we didn't, that we couldn't, call him Khaki any more. That showed, I said, how irrevocably we had lost him. But Frances maintained—I remember now, with some slight flaming—that it didn't show anything of the sort; it showed how we had found him; how greatly, how immeasurably we had gained.

We made it out between us, she and I, bit by bit, till we knew—we were certain—what he had gone out for. She, I ought to say, made out considerably more than I did. And she rejected more. She wouldn't allow, she seemed to have some invincible and mysterious repugnance to allowing, that there might have been a woman in it.

"You won't admit," I said (I was a little amused at the tone she took about it), "you won't admit, then, that he could have been in love?"

I shall never forget the look, the light, with which she answered me.

"He was in love, *all the time*," she said. "He was in love with honour. He was in love with danger."

"All the time? Then why didn't he go out at once, in the beginning, when the others went?"

"Don't you see? He couldn't. It was different for him. He couldn't leave his old mother. He had, you know, to keep her." She made it out amazingly. "He'd have gone into the army when he was a boy, if his people could have afforded to send him. But they couldn't. They were horribly poor. And afterwards there were other things—debts, I suppose—and the expenses of her illness."

(I wondered how on earth she had made out all that. And I was to wonder more and more, as she went on more brilliantly.)

Then—didn't I see it?—when he'd wound up his poor little affairs, he went. He darted out, bright-eyed, to the splendour he saw shining; he rushed into the arms of the thing he was in love with.

I asked her once (being a little disturbed by her enthusiasm), "Frances, would you have been glad if he had been in love with *you*?"

I remember her look of still amazement and her still reply. "Oh no, Roly; that would have spoilt it all."

Her light, as I found out afterwards, was not all intuitive. She had gone, as on a pilgrimage, to the house at Brixton, and got most of it out of his servant. He had left the house to the old woman, as a provision for her in case of his death. She was, Frances said, letting rooms in it—all the rooms except his. Frances must have made love to Khaki's servant, for one day—she was always going there—she came back with an old photo of Khaki in a leather frame and a bundle of those plans of the campaign that he was always making. She showed them to some General she had contrived to meet, and he told her that Khaki's plans were all right; wonderfully right, considering.

But that (I'm forgetting) was long afterwards. The General's opinion of Khaki had nothing to do with Frances's state of mind, her extraordinary behaviour. It was as if, having made Khaki out better than anybody, she was independent of other people's judgments. She was, as I said, exalted.

But the thing was getting on her nerves, I could see that. I supposed that at first she had, after all, been stunned by the horror of it—happening to a man we knew—and that she was only beginning to realise it now.

But it wasn't that a bit. It was that she had begun to go back, to remember, to think of him as Khaki.

I tried to stop her talking about him, but I couldn't. Sometimes she'd sit brooding without saying a word, and sometimes nothing but talking would appease her. Once, after a silence which I must say I found oppressive, she would burst out unexpectedly with something like this:

"Do you remember how bright his eyes were?"

I did.

And after a bit she'd begin again. "Roland, I'd give anything if Khaki could come back to us; if we could show him——"

I had an awful time with her. It was in the spring that the thing had happened. Just before it happened we had settled that we were to be married some time in the autumn. In the summer she began to get ill. She hadn't the energy to go about and do things, and I was horribly uneasy. She was regularly wearing herself out with it, torturing herself and me with her remorse, with her memory, the daily poignant memory of the way, as she said, we had treated him, the things we had said and thought of him. It was worse for her than for us; she had gone farther—her fancy had been more cruelly, more fiendishly fertile. (She had burnt all the sketches and caricatures she had made of him —masterpieces! All except one or two which she had done in some sudden fit of gravity. *They* were not quite so good.)

I was very gentle with her. I conceded everything but that. We had been beasts, I said; and she, always, like an angel, had stood up for him.

At that she gave a little cry of anguish. "If I had only known, Roly. If I had only known——"

That was her burden now—"If we had only known!"

"What good would it have done him?" I said once. "Our knowing?"

"None," she agreed. "When you think of the difference between him and *us*."

She began to make us feel it. There wasn't one of us that was fit to speak to him, to look at him, to black his boots.

How could we have expected to see what was in him? She took the high tone with us that there was he, and here we were—a set of clever little persons living by our wits; "far" (she put it a bit hysterically, I thought), "far from life and death." What could we know? How could we have seen it?

But she—she had always seen it. She had actually made herself believe *that*, made herself believe that she had seen all the time what was in Khaki. I've told you that she hardly knew him. She seemed to be making out

now that she had known him considerably better than she had.

I told her once, when she was going on about him, that she hadn't really known him, and that she certainly hadn't by any means always seen. On the contrary, she *had* been worse than any of us—the very worst.

I was rather brutal about it, for I felt that the obsession was bad for her, and I wanted to bring her sane sense of humour into play. I didn't realise in the least *then* (God forgive me!) how she was taking it, or I couldn't have said what I finally did say, that her feeling was exaggerated, and that she couldn't go on more than she was doing if she were in love with him.

The look she turned on me then was of surprise and grief, almost of supplication, as if she implored me to spare her. I gathered afterwards that what she wanted to be spared was not the knowledge of herself, of what was in her, but the knowledge of what was in me, the depths of stupidity that I could sink to.

My stupidity was, as it happened, abysmal. I thought she was merely cherishing, a little too sentimentally, his memory. I thought I could measure myself advantageously against that. How could I tell what she was capable of? How could I tell what he was to her? How could I measure the immortality he had in her?

After that she drew into herself and left off talking about him. Mind you, she didn't talk to everybody, to the others. She told me once she could only talk to *me* because—well, because I cared for her. And, oddly enough, after I'd stopped her talking she began to get happier; and I thought it was all right—for me, I mean—until I found out that she was thinking about him half the time. How did I know it? I knew it by the look she had, as if she caught, from some height that faced the sun, shining, flashing signals of little Khaki's soul. She gave me to understand that it was all right—all right for her.

Then suddenly, without a word of warning, without my being in the least prepared for it, she chucked me.

I asked her, among other things, if she did it because she was in love with anyone else. Her answer was that she was not in love at all. Then she corrected herself. "Not, at least, with anything you could understand."

I *didn't* understand it at the time, and I don't think I altogether understand it now. I don't mind confessing that I pressed her hard, several times, to reconsider her decision, but she remained firm. She was very sorry, she said, but she couldn't marry me; she couldn't marry anybody.

And in the end, under provocation, more came out. She couldn't bear, she said, to live with the memories we should have between us—she and I.

That settled me. I don't think I could have borne what she would have made *me* live with.

I haven't seen her since she left Chelsea and went to live in that house of his, in the rooms his servant wouldn't let. I suppose she had proved her right to them. The place was a shrine for her of the thing she worshipped.

No. I tell you it was not his memory that she worshipped, that she was in love with. It wasn't anything as cheap as that. You want to know what it *was*? How do *I* know? The whole trouble was that I didn't.

Well, yes, I suppose it was a sort of immortality—it was Khaki's little soul. She saw it flashing to her—heliographing.

She hasn't married. I don't suppose she ever will. Nobody, I imagine, would be good enough for her—after him.

Italian Studies

By D. H. Lawrence

By the Lago di Garda

I.—THE SPINNER AND THE MONKS.

The church of San Tommaso is not shy, it is *farouche*. I had as lief go looking for Pan among beech-woods as set out for it. I know well enough if I go out by the back door, I shall find myself in the labyrinth, the catacombs of a village, somewhere over which perches the old church. I don't like these Italian villages. In them I feel like a beetle crawling in the dark, deep in the crevices of some broken pavement. And it was sunny. Overhead was a tantalising strip of clear blue. And there was I nipped between the high, dark houses, as if I were in some shaft of an underground working. The Italians are supposed to be sunny people. Perhaps the men are, for they are always lounging in the piazza and on the quay. But the houses are for ever dark, dank, and sepulchral, and the streets are more horrible than the Valley of the Shadow of Death: for no sun lights upon them, nor any heat, and the inhabitants, small and obscure, slide along by the walls, or stop, half turning, half crouching, to stare.

I know there are not more than a hundred houses in the village. That is what annoys me: that so few should be too many for me. At any rate, I came to the broken end of a street, where the sunshine and the olive trees looked like a mirage seen out of gloom. And there above I saw the thin, stiff neck of old San Tommaso, grey in the sun. And in a moment I found a broken staircase, where weeds grew in the gaps the steps had made in falling, and maidenhair fern fringed the darker side of the wall.

I mounted up, saying to myself, "I must go through

this decayed Purgatory of a passage, I suppose," so, keeping myself drawn close in, I ran up, and popped out, like a figure on the stage, clear on the platform of my San Tommaso, in the grand sunshine. It is a wonderful position, above the obscure, jumbled tiles of square roofs, high enough over the pale blue lake, opposite the snow of the mountains beyond the water. And the snow glistened white, there was a blood-red sail like a butterfly breathing on the blue water, while the earth on my side gave off a green-silver smoke of olive trees, filming up and around the earth-coloured roofs. So I praised God.

There is no earthly reason why the Church of San Tommaso should be in this position, just where it is most lonely, though so near to the houses. But it is very nice. There is a terrace of cobble pavement, worn, like a great threshold to the ancient grey building. Then the land rises obscurely above, and the land falls somehow below. Yet it always remains in my mind that San Tommaso stands in mid-air by the mountain side. It belongs to nowhere, and has no immediate surroundings. I have only been in the church once. It was very dark, and smelled powerfully of centuries of incense. It reminded me of the lair of some enormous creature, and my senses sprang awake. I expected something, I wanted something, my flesh was alive. And I hurried out again, on to that wonderful table of sunshine outside. And it would cost me a great effort to go inside the church again. But its pavemented threshold is clear as a jewel.

The marvellous clarity of sunshine that becomes blue in the height makes me laugh by myself. Across, the great mountain crouches its length along the lake, and the top half is brilliantly white and skyey, and the lower half is dark, grim. On my side, down sweeps the headland from a great, pale-grey height, in a rush of russet and crimson, to the olive-smoke and the water. And between the two, quaint and naïve, the pale-blue lake goes poking further and further, pushing the mountains aside in its curiosity, inquiring into the Alps.

And then I noticed that a big, blue-checked cloth was drying in the sunshine on the wall of the terrace, just in front of me. So I said, "Whose are you?" And turning round I saw on the other side of the platform, under a

caper bush that hung like a dark cloud, almost the colour of blood-stain, on the grey wall above her, a little old woman, whose fingers were busy. Like the grey church, she made me feel as if I were not in existence. For if I had been a goat walking by the wall, and she a grey old stone, she would have taken just as much notice of me.

Her head was tied in a dark red kerchief, but pieces of hair, like dirty snow, quite short, stuck out over her ears. And—she was spinning! I was so surprised that I dared scarcely cross the terrace to look closer. She was grey, and her apron, and her dress, and her kerchief, and her hands and her face were all sun-bleached or sun-stained, greyey, bluey, browny, like stones and half-coloured leaves, sunny in their colourlessness. In my black coat, I felt quite wrong.

But she was spinning! Under her arm she held a distaff of dark, ripe wood: just a plain staff with a clutch at the end, as if someone held up an arm making a basket of brown fingers at the top. And in the grasp of these brown fingers of her distaff was a great fluff of blackish, rusty fleece, held up near her shoulder. And her fingers were plucking at the strands of wool drawn down from it; and hanging near her feet, spinning round by a black thread, was her shuttle, her bobbin wound fat with the coarse, black-brown worsted she was making. All the time her fingers, so old, but not skinny: thick, brown, sturdy fingers, the thumb having a long grey nail, teased out the fleece to a fairly uniform thickness, and from moment to moment she gave the thread that went down in front of her apron a new, quick rub between her thumb and finger, and the heavy shuttle spun more briskly, and mechanically she felt again at the fleece as she drew it down, and mechanically again she gave a twist to the worsted that issued, and again the bobbin spun swiftly. It was so simple!

"You are spinning!" I said.

She looked at me. Her blue eyes were confident and quite untroubled.

"What?" she said.

"You are spinning," I said.

"Yes," she replied, very short.

She was as indifferent to me as if she were the most sought-after young woman of the Commune. Yet she must

have been more than eighty. She stood short and sturdy, scarcely glancing at her thread, but looking for the most time straight in front, quite satisfied, and her eyes were like two periwinkles in the grey stone. Nothing troubled her, and it was nothing she wanted. Still her fingers went along the strand of fleece near her breast.

"It is an old way of doing it," I said.

"What?"

Again she looked at me with her naïf, untroubled eyes. It was evident my poor Italian roused her. She took no notice of my black coat: I was to her just a man, neither stranger nor gentleman. She looked at me as if to say, "What are you talking about, man?" I repeated.

"Yes, yes," she said, indifferently, "it is an old method —old, yes." And she looked at me with her wonderful, self-contented eyes, that were not old nor full of dreams, nor yet young and full of flame: just two calm, self-sufficient eyes, extraordinarily like flowers, in that a flower never knows it is lonely, nor cares about the past or future. And to her I was just a man; not a child nor a woman, but a man to whom, after all, it was more interesting, or at least more exciting to talk, than to anyone else. I was an important bit of the landscape to her. She went on talking to me in her Italian, of which I could scarcely understand a syllable, and looking in my eyes. Her shuttle had hung into a dead chicory plant, which stopped its spinning. She did not notice. I stooped and broke off the twigs. There was a glint of blue on them yet. Seeing what I was doing, she merely withdrew a few inches from the plant. Her fingers worked away all the time, in a little, half-fretful movement, yet spontaneous as butterflies leaping here and there. She continued to talk to me, never waiting for me to answer. She could not conceive that I did not understand. It was something about a sheep that had died, and her grandson who had eleven children, and what she had said to him: "I will spin out her wool. As well hers as any others. She was a black ewe." So she went on with the story. Then that she liked to spin: one felt one was doing nothing. She looked into my eyes. So she chuntered rapidly on in her Italian that I could not understand at all, looking meanwhile into my face. Not a feature moved. Her eyes

remained candid and open to mine. What did she care about anything? She looked from her spinning to me, telling me more. I could not help wondering how many men had kissed her. She had scorned them all. She scorned them still, old and weathered as she was. But very tolerantly she seemed to admit they could be nice. By this time I could not understand one word. Still we went on with our *tête-à-tête*. Her eyes were quite as young as mine, and could look at one wonderfully. I knew I was laughing to her. Her thread broke. She seemed to take no notice, but mechanically picked up the shuttle, wound a certain length of worsted, connected the ends from her wool-strand, set it spinning, talking to me in her easy, half intimate, half indifferent fashion all the time. So she stood in the sunshine on the little plateau, erect and aloof, sun-coloured and sun-discoloured, whilst I at her elbow stood deferential, smiling into her eyes, afraid, terribly afraid lest she should think me a fool.

I am sure she did. For at last she stopped talking, did not look at me, went on with her spinning, the brown shuttle twisting gaily. There she stood, belonging to the sunshine and the weather, taking no more notice of me than did the caper-bush hanging like a black blood-stain over her head.

"But you have done a lot," I said.

She waited a minute, glanced at her bobbin.

"Yes," she said scornfully.

"How long has it taken you?" I asked.

She looked at me curiously, as if to say, "What a fool you are!" Then, quite suddenly, she started forward and went across the terrace to the great blue-and-white checked cloth that was drying on the wall. She glanced round at me as she went. Then I hesitated, and fled up the steps two at a time. In a moment I was between the walls, climbing upwards, hidden from her.

They had told me I could find snowdrops behind San Tommaso, and it was for these I had come. The walls broke down suddenly. There was a path went through an olive orchard, over the short grass. I took it, till I came to the brink of the steep valley, or gorge of a little stream. Here I stood to look for my snowdrops. The grassy, rocky bank went down steep from my feet. I heard the water tittle-tattling away in the deep shadow below. There were

pale flecks in the dimness, but those, I knew, were primroses, not snowdrops. So I scrambled down. Looking up out of my shadow of water, I could see, right up in the sky, the grey rocks shining. "Are they so far up, and am I so far down?" I thought to myself.

But it was a lovely place, primroses everywhere in little nests of pale bloom upon the dark, steep face of gully; and tongues of fern hanging out, and here and there under the withies, tufts of wrecked Christmas roses, nearly over, but still in the coldest corners, the lovely buds like handfuls of snow. There have been such crowded tufts of Christmas roses everywhere in the stream-gullies, that I only give them a nod now. I gathered primroses instead, quite a big handful. They smell so of the weather. I contented myself with them, since I could not find the snowdrops. Yet I had discovered a bank of pale lilac-coloured crocuses, with dark stripes, the day before yesterday. They looked so pretty, under the olive trees near a stream; I thought of thousands of little tongues of lavender flame among the grass. And if one finds crocuses, one may expect snowdrops. When I had got my handful of primroses, I climbed again quickly, for all of a sudden I resented burrowing about down there in the damp and darkness like an otter, when up above I saw the olive trees in their sunny grass, and sunlit grey rocks immensely high. Who should have the sunshine when I did not?

A couple of little birds scudded off in silence from me. "You needn't be alarmed," I said, "I am no bird-devouring Italian." For here there is scarcely a bird left, and that one so frightened. For they take them in great traps on the mountains, and shoot them among the cliffs. One morning the postman glowed when I opened the door, so I thought it was some proofs that would mean money. But it was eight little birds tied together by the necks: little brown ones, and dark ones with white marks, finches, and larks. The postman likes me, and his eyes shone.

"Ecco, Signore!" he exclaimed with gusto.

"But they are *dead*!" I cried.

"Yes, Signore, but fresh."

The eyes of the old "gourmet" shone again as he offered me the birds. I could more easily have eaten him than have put my teeth in their little bodies.

I was soon in the sunshine again, on the turf under the olive trees. All the olives are gathered, and the mills go night and day, and there is a great acrid scent of olive oil in preparation by the lake. The little stream rattled down. A mule driver "Hued!" to his mules on the Strada Vecchia. High up on the Strada Nuova—a beautiful, wide highway, newly made, that does not *quite* reach the frontier yet—I heard the crack of an oxen whip and the faint clank of a wagon. And, like my old spinning woman, everything was sun-coloured: grey-green olives, tawny grass, clear-grey rocks, browny-green spires of cypresses, with their cones: not a dark shadow or a deep tone anywhere. And all so warm and still, I sat me down under the olives. The four-o'clock steamer was going down the lake, a little thing creeping near under the cliffs. Far away, the Verona side, beyond the Isola, lay fused in dim gold. A cricket hopped. It was Saturday afternoon.

And then just below me I saw two monks walking in their garden between the naked, bony vines. For there is a Franciscan monastery just behind San Tommaso, and sometimes I see a monk looking out of a window. I wonder why it seems queer to think of a monk looking out of his monastery window: almost as queer as to think of a monk in a bathing van. But these two monks were walking in their wintry garden of bony vines and olive trees, their brown cassocks passing between the brown vine-stocks, their heads bare to the sunshine, sometimes a glint of white as their feet strode from under their skirts. It was all so still that I felt them talking. They marched with the peculiar march of monks, a long, almost loping, stride. With their heads together, their skirts swaying, slowly, and with long strides, the two brown monks went down under the bony vines, and lower down, beside the cabbages. It was almost as if, like my old woman, they were talking to me. I sat with my primroses, as if I understood. And all the time I listened to them, absorbed in their conversation, though I could not hear even the sound of their voices. But I could see the long stride, that has something of a slink in it, because of the almost springless way they slide their feet from the ground, something like a wolf loping along on a quest. And they kept their hands down against

the skirts of their robes. And they did not touch each other, or gesticulate as they walked. And yet there was an eagerness in their conversation. Almost like the shy birds, they went backwards and forwards in their wintry garden, thinking nobody could see them. And they were so eager, but as if they were frightened. It was like the birds again, as if they dared not enjoy anything, as if there was nothing in that dazzle of snow across—it was faintly, faintly ripening to a glow—for them. But backwards and forwards they walked, talking.

I had not noticed that up above the snow, in the blue sky, was a frail moon, like a piece of ice worn thin to a scalloped film upon the blue surface of water. It had drifted up from behind my snow, upon the slow current of the day. And a bell sounded.

And still my monks were walking, backwards and forwards, pacing, till they seemed like a see-saw. And when it would be night, and that moon's white, splendid body would shine on the dark-fringed olive woods, they would pray, looking forward to the white moonlight of eternity. And this morning, when the dawn had come rippling over the lake, filling the sky with this sunlight, they had prayed, looking backward to that frail, white body on the Cross, that was murdered. And always they were not here, they were there: there away back with the murdered body, there away in front with the free white spirit, either in the past or the future, in the death of the tortured body, in the death of the glorified soul, but never here. They were like a bridge that is built from either side of the stream that leaps out, but does not meet: ends in a gap in mid-air.

They frightened me rather. I saw them turn into the small monastery. It was tea-time. I hoped they would have a pleasant meal.

The shadows were coming across everything. That is the worst of having mountains running to the west. The olive wood where I sat was put out. So I got up, climbing after the sunshine. And the moon climbed higher as well. And my primroses looked such a frail, moony little bunch, I put a big, rose-tipped daisy among them. It was just going to sleep between the olive roots when I took it. And then I saw some little periwinkles, dark blue, like violets, so I put them also, two or three, among

my primroses. They reminded me of my old woman's eyes. And they seemed just to make my bunch vital. She is so perfectly the *present*. She certainly does not look before and after, and pine for what is not. Nor do the flowers. And if the birds do, they shouldn't come within reach of these Italian tit-slayers. And as for the monks, I'm so glad I escaped being one myself—after all, it *would* be nice to walk backwards and forwards in the monastery garden, from the past to the future, leaving out the present —that I say nothing about them.

By the Lago di Garda.

II.—THE LEMON GARDENS OF THE SIGNOR DI P.

The padrone came just when we were drinking coffee after dinner. It was two o'clock, because the steamer going down the lake to Desenzano had bustled through the sunshine, and the rocking of the water still made lights that rose and fell upon the wall, among the shadows by the piano.

The Signore was very apologetic. I found him bowing in the hall, a cap in one hand, a slip of paper in the other, and protesting in his broken French against disturbing me. He is a little, shrivelled man, with close-cropped grey hair on his skull, and a protruding jaw which, with his gesticulations, always reminds me of a genteel monkey. But the Signore is a gentleman, and the last, perishing remnant of his race. "Mais—mais, monsieur—je crains que—que—"

He bows and spreads wide his hands, emphatically. It is a great joy to the Signore to speak French. It is less joy to me. He seems to be fetching the words from a long way off. He holds his chin and waits in his anxiety for the phrase to come. Then it filters out grudgingly, ending in Italian. The hall is cold, and he will not come in the dining-room. The French language is a wheel upon which so many poor spirits and innocent tongues are broken. Yet he will not speak Italian.

I realise that it is an American door-spring that has laid the Signore low. I look at the rag of old paper bearing the directions and the picture of the patent.

"Fasten the spring either end up. Wind it up. Never unwind," I read. It is laconic and American. The Signore looks at me anxiously and holds his chin. He is afraid he ought to understand my English. Then, with a stuttering equal to his, I translate.

He has not done anything contrary to the directions. He is most distressed.

"La porte—la porte—elle ferme *pas*!—elle s'ouvre—"

He skipped to the door and showed me the whole tragedy. It is shut—Ecco! He lets go, and Pouf!—she flies open. Explain the mystery, Monsieur l'Anglais. The honour of the English-speaking world is at stake. I must go and look at this spring. The Signore protests, but leaves himself in my hand. I feel I have stepped into the shoes of Sherlock Holmes, and am rather nervous.

Signor di P.'s house is only a stone's throw from this, at the end of our garden. It is quite a magnificent place, cream coloured and pink, with two painted loggias. In the moonlight its noble façade looks more impressive than anything I ever hoped to see. Yet now I am bowed into the hall. I am glad my uncouth appearance can be put down as English eccentricity.

I am sure the Signore's house might be called a palazzo. Every consequential-looking establishment is named the Villa something, except the great home of the Conte B., which is called the Palazzo B. Now, the Signore's house has no name, so I am certain that is equivalent to the assumption of the title "palazzo."

I entered the palazzo of the Signor di P. The hall is a specious place, with great glass doors at either end, looking into the courtyard, where gold-green bamboos fray out the sunshine. So, with the floor of lovely, soft-red bricks, the gold outside, the neutral of the grey-white walls, and the gaily-painted ceiling, its pink roses and birds fluttering, and the spaces of coloured, tempered air, I was much pleased.

But only the hall pleases me. It is half-way between the open and the interior, and partakes of both. But the interior itself is like an upholstered tomb. The Italian

likes to be impressed. When he enters his drawing-room he does not want to be left uncertain as to whether this may or may not be a bit of nicely-arranged out-of-doors. It is interior with a vengeance: dark, gloomy, cold, with hearse-like windows, carved, cold furniture, grandeur to inspire awe. Here the red-brick floor seems dreary, like the floor of a vault, and the furniture stands in its grave. The air from inside has been starved and darkened to death.

Outside, the sunshine seems to trill like birds singing. God indeed made Italy. But who made the Italian interior? It seems as if all the shadow were cast inside. Poor Hamlet stands with his back to the sun, and his darkness falls on everything he approaches. The Italian is surrounded by sunshine: his very suppleness and ease and grace seem melted in sunshine. But he must be fairly dark inside, or his house could not be as it is. A writer in La Perseveranza says: "Noi italiani soprattutto, siamo ancora troppo passionati: allegri più che fêlici, mentre gli inglesi sono più felici che allegri." I suppose a passionate people is of necessity unhappy: because passion is an instrument, a means; and to mistake the means for the end is to leave oneself at last empty. And the northern races are the really passionate people, because theirs is the passion that persists and achieves, achieves everything, including that intimacy between a man and a woman which is the fruit of passion, and which is rarely seen here: the love, the knowledge, the simplicity, and the absence of shame, that one sometimes sees in English eyes, and which is the flower of civilisation.

Signor di P. took me to a small room almost contained in the thickness of the wall. There the Signora's dark eyes started into excited surprise at seeing me. She was younger than the Signore, below him in station, forsooth!—and childless. It was quite true, the door stood open. Madame put down the screw-driver and drew herself erect. Her eyes were a flame of excitement. The door stood open. The Signore never did anything without the assistance of the Signora or of the maid, Maria. The Signora cleverly makes him believe, poor, decayed, good-natured little gentleman, that he is absolute lord and master. He has the air of a man who rules. But his gentle spirit takes

every time her suggestion. He would deny it indignantly. Yet she lives his life for him, utters his words, suggests his movements—and for all that, is afraid of him. For he is a man and she is a woman. So it behoves her in all things to bear herself with meekness. And still she controls him gently.

Now, the Signora held the little Signore together whilst he undid the screw that fixed the spring. If they had been alone she would have done it. As a matter of fact, he usually began, and she finished, the task in hand. And his beginning was like the launching of a ship by Lady So-and-so—a mere graceful formality. For she had all the life and vigour. But in my presence it would have been an abrogation of his dignity if she had driven the screw home. And I dared not offer. So she held him together, watchfully. She was straight and vigorous, he was shaky and grey, though not much more than sixty. She held her hands up as he stood on the chair, afraid lest he should catch her doing it, but more afraid lest he should fall.

They had merely adjusted the strong spring to the shut door, stretching it slightly, so that it drew itself together again the moment the latch was released. It was soon made right. They were delighted. The Signora, who gave me the uncomfortable feeling that she might burst into flame at any moment, clasped her hands together in ecstasy as the door swiftly shut itself. "Ecco—ecco!" she cried. And she ran forward to do it herself. She opened the door expectantly, eagerly. Pouf!—it shut with a bang. "Ecco!" she cried, her eyes aflame. I felt I must do it also. I opened the door—Pouf!—it shut with a bang. We all exclaimed with joy.

Then the Signore, by his tone, dismissed the Signora:

"Ah!—Ah!—merci, monsieur—mille fois—mille fois merci."

He held his chin, turned to me smiling, turned his back slightly on her. She disappeared. It was a state occasion, and she was in the way. She might want to help him. He chose to have me to himself—"entre hommes," as he said.

He would show me the estate. I had already seen the house. I was quite willing. We went out by the glass doors on the left, into the courtyard. It was lower than the

gardens round it, and the sunshine came through the trellised arches, on to the flagstones, where the grass grew fine and green in the cracks, where all was wide and still and deserted. In their tubs, one or two fat orange trees squatted. Then I heard a noise, and there in the corner, among all the pink geraniums and the sunshine, the Signora sat laughing with a baby. It was a fair, bonny boy of eighteen months. The Signora was concentrated upon him as he sat, stolid and handsome in his little white cap, perched on the bench picking at the pink geraniums. She laughed, bent forward her dark face out of the shadow, swift into a glitter of sunshine, near the sunny baby, laughing again, making mother-noises. The child took no notice of her. She caught him swiftly into her shadow, and they were dim; her dark head was against the baby's white wool jacket, she was kissing his neck, under the creeper leaves. The pink geraniums still laughed in the sunshine. The baby had a pink ribbon in the shadow.

I had forgotten the Signore. Suddenly I turned to him inquiringly.

"The Signora's nephew," he explained briefly, almost coldly. She had seen us watching and came across the sunshine with the child, laughing, talking to the baby, acknowledging us only as she did the shadow from which she removed him. The Signore, queer old horse, began to laugh and neigh at the child, which bent its face to cry. The Signora caught it away, dancing off a few yards into the sunshine.

"I am a stranger, he is afraid of me," I said to her across the distance.

"No, no," she cried, "you are a man—it is the men—he always cries."

She advanced again, laughing, with the child in her arms. The Signore stood aside, almost in the background, shadowed. She and I and the baby, in the sunshine, laughed a moment. Then I heard the neighing laugh of the old Signore. He would not be put into the background. But there was something disagreeable about him. His laugh was affected. He felt left out, made nothing. The Signora was uncomfortable, too. I could tell she wanted to be fleeing with the child, to enjoy him alone. It was her brother's boy. And the Signore felt almost as if she

insulted him by being in such an ecstasy with the baby. He held his chin, gloomily, fretful, impotent.

Then I knew what a bitter chagrin it was to him to be childless. He was ashamed. It reminded me of the men in the Old Testament. It was as though his manliness were not proven until he had a child. And now he would never have one, and the house of di P. would die out.

These Italians, men and women, adore their children, at least while they are little. The man seems not to be able to believe in himself till he has a child. His whole pride is based in this fact—that he can beget a son. It is his children who justify him. Unless he be an artist, he feels that his only real claim to being a man is that he has children. That he is himself, is nothing. For his soul is nothing to him.

Which is why he can move so gracefully, hang like a bird in the olive trees, row down the lake standing in the boat and swinging forward, rhythmic as the ripples under him. An Englishman walks as if he must brave it out: as if it were a chagrin to him to be forced to acknowledge his legs and arms in public. For he considers that in him is Almighty God, cumbered here in the flesh. But the Italian feels, no matter what he believes, that he is made in the image of God, and in this image of flesh is his godliness, and with its defacement and crumbling, crumbles himself. Which is why he often gives one the feeling that he has nothing inside him.

"Mais," says the Signore, starting from this scene of ignominy where his wife plays with another woman's child, "mais—voulez vous vous promener dans mes petites terres?"

It comes out quite rapidly, he is so much roused in self-defence. We walked along the pergola of bony vine-stocks, parallel with the mountains, which stand full of sunshine on our right. I remark how delightful it is in his garden—where does it end? This brought back his pride with a click. He pointed me to the terraces, and the great shut lemon-houses above. They were all his. But—he shrugged his Italian shoulders—it was nothing, just a little garden. I protested that I found it beautiful, as well as extensive. He admitted it was beautiful to-day: "Perchè—parceque—il fait un temps—così—très bell'—

très beau." He alighted on the word "beau" hurriedly, like a bird that comes to ground with a little bounce, after a flight.

The terraces of the garden have a cosy feel, walled in, and yet leaning at the full sunshine. I move deliciously in heavy sunshine, under the bony avenues of vines, reluctant to go. The Signore makes little exclamatory noises that mean nothing, and I learn the names of vegetables. The land is rich and black. We climb one flight of steps, and can see the lake as we walk this next level of garden. We climb again, and come to a great stone building that I take to be a storage house, for open-air storage, because the walls are left open from half-way up, so that inside is all dark, and the corner pillar is very clear. Entering carelessly into the dimness, I started, for at my feet was a great floor of water, clear and green in its obscurity, going down between the walls, a reservoir in the gloom. The Signore laughed at my surprise. It was for irrigating the land, he said. It stank, slightly, with a raw smell; otherwise, I said, what a wonderful bath it would make. The old Signore gave his little neighing laugh at the idea.

Then we climbed into a great loft of leaves, ruddy brown, stored in a great bank under the roof, seeming to give off a little red heat, as they gave off the lovely perfume of the hills. We passed through, and stood at the foot of the lemon-house. The big, blind building rose high in the sunshine before us.

All summer long, upon the mountain slopes steep by the lake, stand the rows of naked pillars rising out of the green foliage like ruins of temples: white, square pillars of masonry, standing forlorn in their colonnades and squares, rising up the mountain-sides here and there, as if they remained from some great race that had once worshipped here. And still, in the winter, some are seen, standing away in lonely places where the sun streams full, grey rows of pillars rising out of a broken wall, tier above tier, naked to the sky, forsaken.

They are the lemon plantations, and the pillars are to support the heavy branches of the trees, but finally to act as scaffolding of the great wooden houses that stand blind and ugly, covering the lemon-trees in the winter.

In November, when cold winds came down and snow was deep on the mountains, from out of the store-houses the men were carrying timber, and we heard the clang of falling planks. Then, as we walked along the new road on the mountain side, we saw below, on the top of the lemon gardens, long, thin poles laid from pillar to pillar, and we heard the two men talking and singing as they walked across perilously, placing the poles. In their clumsy zoccoli they strode easily across, though they had twenty or thirty feet to fall if they slipped. But the mountain-side, rising steeply, was so near, and above their heads the rocks glowed high into the sky, so that the sense of elevation must have been taken away. At any rate, they went easily from pillar-summit to pillar-summit, with a great cave of space below. Then again was the rattle and clang of planks being laid in order, ringing from the mountain-side over the blue lake, till a platform of timber, old and brown, projected from the mountain-side, a floor when seen from above, a hanging roof when seen from below. And we, on the road above, saw the men sitting easily on this flimsy hanging platform, hammering the planks. And all day long the sound of hammering echoed among the rocks and olive woods, and came, a faint, quick concussion, to the men on the boats far out. When the roofs were on, they put in the fronts, blocked in between the white pillars with old, dark wood, in roughly made panels. And here and there, at irregular intervals, was a panel of glass, pane overlapping pane in the long strip of narrow window. So that now these enormous, unsightly buildings bulge out on the mountain sides, rising in two or three tiers, blind, dark, ragged-looking places.

In the morning I often lie in bed and watch the sunrise. The lake lies dim and milky, the mountains are dark blue at the back, while over them the sky gushes and glistens with light. At a certain place on the mountain ridge the light burns gold, seems to fuse a little groove on the hill's rim. It fuses and fuses at this point, till of a sudden it comes, the intense, molten, living light. The mountains melt suddenly, the light steps down, there is a glitter, a spangle, a clutch of spangles, a great unbearable sun-track flashing across the milky lake, and the light falls on my face. Then, looking aside, I hear the little slotting noise

which tells me they are opening the lemon-gardens, a long panel here and there, a long slot of darkness at irregular intervals between the brown wood and the glass stripes.

"Voulez-vous"—the Signore bows me in with outstretched hand. "Voulez-vous entrer, monsieur?"

I went into the lemon-house, where the poor trees seem to mope in the darkness. It is an immense, dark, cold place. Tall lemon trees, heavy with half-visible fruit, crowd together and rise in the gloom. They look like ghosts in the darkness of the underworld, stately, and as if in life, but only grand shadows of themselves. And lurking here and there, I see one of the pillars. But he, too, seems a shadow, not one of the dazzling white fellows I knew. Here we are, trees, men, pillars, the dark earth, the sad black paths, shut in in this enormous box. It is true, there are long strips of window, and slots of space, so that the front is striped, and an occasional beam of light fingers the leaves of an enclosed tree, and the sickly round lemons. But it is nevertheless very gloomy.

"But it is much colder in here than outside," I said.

"Yes," replied the Signore, "now. But at night—I *think*——"

I almost wished it were night, to try. I wanted to imagine the trees cosy. They seemed now in a vault. Between the lemon trees, beside the path, were little orange trees, and dozens of oranges hanging like hot coals in the twilight. When I warm my hands at them, the Signore breaks me off one after another, till I have a bunch of glowing oranges among dark leaves, a heavy bouquet. Looking down the lemon house, the many ruddy-clustered oranges beside the path remind me of the lights of a village along the lake at night, while the pale lemons above are the stars. There is a subtle, exquisite scent of lemon flowers. Then I notice a citron. He hangs heavy and bloated upon so small a tree, that he seems a dark green enormity. There is a great host of lemons overhead, half visible, a swarm of ruddy oranges by the paths, and here and there a fat citron. It is almost like being under the sea.

At the corners of the path were round little patches of ash, and stumps of charred wood, where fires had been kindled inside the house on cold nights. For during the

second and third weeks in January the snow came down so low on the mountains, that after climbing for an hour, I found myself in a snow lane, and saw olive orchards on lawns of snow.

The Signore says that all lemons and sweet oranges are grafted on a bitter-orange stock. The plants raised from seed, lemon and sweet orange, fell prey to disease, so the cultivators found it safe only to raise the native bitter orange, and then to graft upon it.

And the maestra—she is a schoolmistress, and wears black gloves while she teaches us Italian—says that the lemon was introduced by St. Francis of Assisi, who came here and founded a church and a monastery. Certainly the church of San Francesco is very old and dilapidated, and its cloisters have some beautiful and original carvings of leaves and fruit upon the pillars, which seems to connect San Francesco with the lemon. I imagine him wandering here with a lemon in his pocket. Perhaps he made lemonade in the hot summer. But Bacchus had been before him and cornered the drink trade: and still keeps it.

Looking at his lemons, the Signore sighed. I think he hates them. They are leaving him in the lurch. They are sold retail at a halfpenny each, all the year round. "But that is as dear, or dearer, than in England," I say. "Ah, but," says the maestra, "that is because your lemons are outdoor fruit from Sicily. Però—one of our lemons is as good as *two* from elsewhere." My mother always said that one of her home-made loaves was as good as two of the baker's. I believe one of my sketches is as good as two of anybody else's. These lemons indeed have an exquisite fragrance and perfume, but whether their force as lemons is double that of an ordinary fruit is the question. Oranges are sold at fourpence halfpenny the kilo—it comes about five for twopence, small ones. The citrons are sold also by weight to Salò, for the making of that liqueur known as "Cedro." One citron fetches sometimes a shilling, or more, but then the demand is necessarily small. So that it is evident, from these figures, the Lago di Garda cannot afford to grow its lemons much longer. The gardens are already many of them in ruins, and still more "Da Vendere."

We went out of the shadow of the lemon-house on to

the roof of the one below us. When we came to the brink of the roof, I sat down. The Signore stood behind me, a shabby, shaky little figure on his roof against the sky, lifted up like an image of decay. Yet the mountain snow was radiant opposite, and a film of pure blue was on the hills. The water breathed an iridescent dust on the far shore. An orange-sailed boat leaned slim on the dark-blue water, where crisp flecks of foam were fluttering. A woman went downhill with two goats and two sheep. Among the olives someone was whistling.

"Yes," said the little Signore, musing, looking down from his height. "That was once lemon-garden down there—you see the stumps of the pillars, between the vines. Twice as much, twice as much lemons, I had. Now it must be vine. And that piece of land brought in two hundred lire a year, from lemons, now from wine, only eighty."

"But wine is a valuable crop," I said.

"Così-così. For a man who grows much. For me, it is not lemons." Suddenly he started into life, an agitated little ruin of a figure against the blue sky. "Perchè—because the lemon is all the year, and the vine—one crop, one harvest."

The last words ring like a knell. I sit and look at the lake. And now the lemon-gardens in ruin among the hills stand out to me. And yet, right up here, I can hear a man singing as he stands rowing down the lake in his boat.

"But it is beautiful!" I protest. "In England——"

"Ah," cries the Signore, "in England you have the wealth—les richesses—but here we have the sun"; he waved his hand heavenwards towards the wonderful source of the blue day. But he sounded sadly, as if he were making the best of it. If the sun had been a big lemon hanging in his garden, I am afraid he would have sold it by weight.

But when we go down to earth, he gathers me some pink roses, and offers them to me, bowing, as if I were a prince or a lady. Why should he be so anxious to be rich? He has enough. He has more than I am ever likely to have. Yet I wouldn't sell a match-box full of sunshine out of my garden.

ITALIAN STUDIES

By the Lago di Garda.

III.—THE THEATRE.

During carnival a company is playing in the theatre. On Christmas Day the Signore came in with the key of his box, and would we care to see the play. The theatre was little; we should find it a nothing in fact, but—and the Signore spread out his hands—if it might give us a little diversion——! The key impressed me, with its shield of bronze hanging on the chain and bearing the Signore's initials, and the number 8. "The key of my box at the theatre!"

On the Saturday after Christmas we went to see "I Spettri." The theatre is an old church. Since the cinematograph has spread like a conflagration over the world, many old churches burn with new light. But since a chiesa in these parts looks from outside anything but a religious building, a mixture between a malt-house and a town-hall rather; and since the interior is cleverly constructed for the dramatic performance of religious ceremony, the transformation from church to theatre is not very astonishing. No one would recognise our theatre as a cast-off church. The east end was round to begin with, the walls were blind of windows. The entrance hall is, or was, a contiguous building. Now everything is perfectly in keeping, except the stone floor and the slightly ecclesiastic seats downstairs.

The box of Signor di P. is one of the best in the place—and there are two tiers of boxes, some forty in all, each lined with dark red, and fringed with velvet, as it should be—and it just holds three people comfortably. Having paid our entrance fee of threepence, we sat in style. Then I bowed to the barber, seated opposite in an upper box; then to the Signora G., who has the swell box next the stage; then to the chemist, on the same altitude as the barber; then to the padrona of the Hôtel, three boxes away, on my right. So, having made my entry, I arranged the footstool and looked downstairs.

The people were all waiting. On the left, by church

instinct, the women sat together, with perhaps a man at the end of the row. On the right were little groups of bersaglieri, in their grey uniforms, then peasants, fishermen, and an odd girl or two, brazen hussies, to be sure, to sit near the men. At the back, under the gallery, stood men in their black-brimmed felt hats, with cloaks flung over their mouths. The theatre is not heated and the floor is of stone. Yet the women sit beneath me without any wraps, their hair dressed with wonderful Italian precision, their bodices very neat, their dark, coloured aprons quite clean. The men are clean, but many are still unshaven. They are shaved once a week, so that their black chins have a disreputable look; but they have dove's eyes, these Italian men. And they lounge with their wonderful ease, unconscious of the patches on their clothes, of their zoccoli, of their collarless throats, of the scarlet rag that is perhaps tied round their neck. Perfectly at their ease, the men lounge and talk, or watch with that wistful sadness one sees in the eyes of a child that is gazing at nothing. The men are together, the women are together. The sexes are always separate. There is very little flirting even, and, it seems, no comradeship between men and women. The two avoid each other. One sees very little courting in this part, and no lovers. But on Sunday afternoons and evenings the woman, accompanied by a child or a friend for protection's sake, goes leading home her wine-drunken husband. Otherwise she is rarely seen at his side. And on Sunday afternoon an uncomfortable youth walks by the side of his maiden for an hour, in the very public part of the highway. That is all.

The women sit with their perfectly-dressed black hair, and their straight backs, aloof, not very noticeable. They are not particularly graceful, as the men are, nor particularly attractive. For they look hard, and rather soulless. One rarely sees a woman with that beautiful womanly contour of bosom that makes one think her husband is a happy man. But she has often a magnificent straight back and a regular proportion, which gives one to think her husband should be a satisfied man. Which he seems. But there is nothing winning about these women. They go down the dark streets from their cavernous dark houses, and are silent, unobtrusive, often tired looking, often

proud and straight as a cypress, but always cold, without tenderness, capable of heat, but not of warmth, passionate perhaps, but not lovable. None of their sons could be a Dickens, with that wonderful warmth and cosy tenderness that makes life rich in an English home.

The company of actors was from a little town beyond the mountains, Brescia way. The curtain rose, everybody was still. And then, after a while, we realised that "I Spettri" was Ibsen's "Ghosts." It was rather startling, and rather stiff fare for the peasants and the fishermen of the Garda. Yet they sat still and absorbed, even the children. The actors are peasants by origin. Signor di P. says, rather disdainfully, that he finds their accent scarcely polished; and he shrugs his shoulders. So Ibsen is translated altogether. The mother is rather a nice woman who feels very harassed by all this bother. The pastor is a stupid, common, affected fellow—a caricature of a Protestant parson. The servant is just a pert hussy. And then the son—he is the actor-manager, a man of forty or thereabouts, broad and thickset, ruddy and black—is a very human, decent fellow, not at all like a son of the house of Ghosts, but a convalescent, fretful, fanciful, who doesn't quite know what ails him, and who wants somebody to comfort him, to reassure him, since he is frightened. He is childishly dependent on his mother. To hear him say "Grazia, mamma!" would have touched the mother-soul in any woman living. So forlorn he was, with this trouble that had got him down mysteriously, with such a child's bewildered forlornness, robust, vigorous man that he was, that one could feel and love this childish nation that lives by faith and wants no knowledge. Yet he was not to be trusted. Like a child, he would smash things if he could not have what he wanted, and, being a man, his smashing might be more serious than crockery. His flashy, Italian passion for his half-sister was real enough to make one uncomfortable: something he wanted, like a child that suddenly goes wild for a desired object. And then he looked frightened. And, frightened, obstinate, bewildered, so he died, leaving one so sorry for him.

Ibsen was translated thus. All the bruised deadness of him was gone. Instead of the characters seeming like indicators registering inevitable records of fate, we had

people frightened, obstinate, foolish, passionate, and dead: it was more bearable. Ibsen is the mind, recognising that itself is of no avail against the flesh. Hence his despair. But what was the root of his despair holds the root of our hope. For of the flesh all things are possible. It holds all things within itself, both the discovered and that which will be discovered.

At any rate, now I am sorry for the son of Ghosts; I could have sympathy with him: whereas before I had only a horror of him. Before, he was beyond the range of my pity: it was too wretched. Now I could put my hand on his hand, and even if I could say nothing, my fingers could give him a little love. Which was denied me before, for I couldn't have touched him. For which I hated Ibsen. I believe everybody hates Ibsen. He denied the universality of the blood, of which we are all cups. He owned the universality of the mind, to which we all subscribe, as to the wearing of clothes. Then he showed how the mind is overthrown at any moment by the body. But why shouldn't it be? And if the son of Ghosts must die, still I live, who am the flesh and the blood, the same as he. And I am sorry for the son of Ghosts, as if I had lost my left hand. But because I lost my left hand, it is not finished with me. There are many more left hands even within my living flesh: for if I have a son, he will be born with both hands. And if the mind of the son of Ghosts is gone, so is the light of my candle blown out. And yet the bees are carrying their pocketfuls of wax from the flowers, that the flowers got from out of the air and earth whither the light went, and which will make more light, if I like. We are tired of going rigid with grief, or insane, over a little spilt life. The sun will lick it up.

The contadini sat and listened intently, like children who hear and do not understand, and who yet know. For they have flesh and blood too, and it answers, even if the brain is dull. So, even the children sit in the spell till the play is over.

But they did not care for Ibsen. On the Feast of Epiphany, as a special treat, a poetic drama of D'Annunzio was given: "La Fiaccola sotto il Moggio." There were several murders, but, like so many murders, they only

seemed to be silly showing-off, or bits of extreme mischief. All the terror, all the tragedy, came out of mid-air. The deeds were not exciting, any more than a cook's wringing the neck of a chicken. The people *thought* they ought to cover their ears and shriek and run under the stabbing lightning of heaven's vengeance. And the tragedy was the noise they made because their thoughts told them to do so. But the audience loved it. They got a thrill without a hurt. I loved it myself, for that matter.

"Ah bellissimo, bellissimo!" said the barber, in tones of reverence. After all, the theatre is a church.

"Better than 'I Spettri'!" I said.

"Ah well—it was D'Annunzio!—and the other—who was it, Ibsen?"

"Ibsen," I confirmed.

"Ah well, D'Annunzio—well——"

"But Ibsen is one of the world's greatest dramatists," I said.

"Ah, but D'Annunzio—oh, most beautiful, most beautiful!"

It was evident that the name of the Italian was like church bells to the barber, while Ibsen was the scratching of a match on a match-box. Yet I thought D'Annunzio's play childish and foolish, as if a party of children had been naughty and expected a whipping. The murders were done as easily, yea, with as little heart-beating, as the poisoning of a neighbour's cat.

Carnival ends on the 5th of February, so each Thursday evening there is a Serata d'Onore of one of the actors. The first, and the only one for which prices were raised—fourpence entrance fee instead of threepence—was for the leading lady. Her play, "La Moglie del Dottore," a modern piece, was sufficiently stupid: the farce that followed it was better. But since it was her evening of honour, she was the most important personage. She is very popular: at least the men often cry "Beautiful, beautiful!" after her most heart-rending sobs. The women say nothing. I believe, as they sit sternly watching, they quite agree that she represents ill-used, tear-stained woman, the bearer of many wrongs; so they would fight for her on principle. But I know they think her much, much too plump.

Yet she is beloved. I wonder why the Gretchen, Dame aux Camélias, Desdemona lady is the beloved of all male audiences, and the appreciated of all female, in all countries, for all time. I am young, and I am inexperienced. Yet I have seen at least a hundred of these pale, tear-stained ladies, white-garbed, with their hair down their backs. I loathe them on principle. And yet my bones melt and my heart goes big and loving, each new time I hear her voice, with its faint clang of tears. The last time I saw her—until I went to the theatre here—was in Salò, at the opera. She was the chalked, thin-armed daughter of Rigoletto. I positively hated her. And yet, by the end, I was ready to rush on the stage and slay her recreant lover, take her in my arms, and say: "Why, you poor little thing, don't you fret after that fat clown, he wasn't worth it. You are too loving, you silly little thing; and it's a shame to treat you like it. There, let me dry your little wet face—he wasn't worth a thought, silly, deluded little thing. You should fall in love with a *man*!"

This lady at our theatre—I shall call her Lucia, because it gives me a pleasant sensation, and she will never know—is rather plump, it is true, but she is She, Desdemona, Lucia, Margherita, Gretchen, Ophelia, Iphigenia, Antigone. The moment she looks round—a bit scared—she is recognised. In modern plays She is dressed in black, as in the divorce court, as my lady in "La Moglie del Dottore." In the romantic plays she wears white muslin that trails like a sigh, she has a fillet on her fair hair, whose locks, in touching simplicity, hang below her waist, among the muslin. Lucia always has a handkerchief. It is the last straw: it wrings my heart. She squeezes it up in her poor, plump hand, and then she can't help crying, she can't, men are so cruel to her. And there she gives a sob and a cry, and presses her handkerchief and her fist against her eyes, and real tears shake out of her, and it is all so real and natural, I don't know what to do with myself. There I sit in my box, and am saying in my heart all the time, "What a shame, child, what a shame!" She is twice my age, but what are years? "Your poor little hanky, why it's sopping wet! There now, you cry yourself better on my chest." And I cover her in protectively with my arms. I think, in my heat, I might recite to her:

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee."

I know what sort of a lady Burns wrote that to. And when I came to the line, "Thy bield should be my bosom," I should feel the hands of Lucia unfold and creep round my shoulders, and she would cleave to me, and I should know she had confidence in me, and my breast would swell out like a great cuirass, and yet it would be her bield!—Ah! what a divine sensation!

Yet I hate these sad heroines—or don't I? I suppose she knows best. Even Bunty, while she was pulling the strings, had that twang in her voice: something unsatisfied and insidious and feline. And I wonder if there was a man in the Haymarket who did not say in his heart: "That nice little body is just throwing herself away on that lump of a carpenter—and knows it, too. I wonder why these women do it, when there are real *men* about." Who the real men are is not defined. They may be married already. But every man has a Doppelgänger, a gay young bachelor "blood" who has adventures, while the staid reality remains at home. And the business of the leading lady is to have gallant dealings with this Doppelgänger—she can accommodate as many as you like of the dashing sparks—just as the business of the leading actor is to play cavalier to all the Doppelgängerinnen of the audience.

All these meditations were roused by Lucia, on her Serata D'Onore. During the following week we moved in a storm of little coloured bills, "Great Evening of Honour of Enrico Persevalli." Now this is the actor-manager. The title of the play was kept dark. I should not have gone, because circumstances were untoward, if the maestra, on the Thursday evening, had not informed me that certainly I ought to go, the play was "Amleto." "Oh!" I said. "Si!" she replied, and her dark eyes were wide with excitement. The poor maestra, she seems to have been in mourning all her life. She was engaged to a lieutenant in the cavalry, and he went and got drowned, never thinking how he would spoil her life. Then her father died last year. She is nearly fifty, and seems as if she had grown up in perpetual shadow. "But what's 'Amleto'?" I said, not very interested. Her dark eyes

looked rather anxious. "It is English," she said. "Never," I answered. "'Amleto'!" she repeated. The skies seemed to be falling on her. "Good Lord, it's 'Hamlet'!" I cried. "Si!" hissed the Signorina, excited as a yellow and black snake, in her relief at not being wrong.

Then, sadly, I felt upon me the burden of honour. I felt like a prince who must attend a performance given in honour of himself. Not for worlds would I have disappointed Signor Enrico Persevalli. Yet only my consideration for him would have dragged me to the theatre. I knew perfectly well he was performing Hamlet on his evening of honour, for my sake. It seemed rather cruel on him.

I was late. The first act was nearly over. I could see —I think I ought to be allowed to say I am sure of it, it is so pleasant to me—that the play was flat in the bosoms of the actors. I closed the door of my box softly. But in a moment the Court of Denmark had seen me, and a flash went through the stage. Hamlet's eyes met mine. He looked a sad fool, a sad fool. I stooped down to arrange the footstool, and get the proper gloom on to my countenance.

They are peasants in origin, these actors: so the Signore says. They nearly made me weep. I had a cousin, a collier's wife, whom I loved. She had twins when she had already eight children, but she said "The more the merrier." Her boast was, "All my children are named after kings." She also had a brooch made of a four-shilling piece, so she used to say: "I've got money when there isn't a penny in my pocket."

The actors were like Hannah's children: "they were all named after kings." I sat sadly and looked at their Majesties. The Queen was a burly little body in pink satin. She tried her best to be stately, but she looked anxiously sideways at the audience, to see if she carried conviction. She was rather hoarse with a cold, and her excess of pink satin annoyed her. She dared not for her life move in any direction but straight forward, unless she had savagely kicked and twitched her skirt. I liked her. She was a straightforward woman. She liked being a queen all right while she sat perched on a throne—her figure was something like that of Queen Victoria in later life; but when she

must come to earth she seemed to think that kind hearts were more than coronets. The King, her noble consort, cleaved not to his garments. He is a man of some sixty years, a born peasant, thin, weedy, very gentle and pathetic. He played the father of the servant-maid in "Ghosts," and always has such parts. So he felt he was being made a fool of, sitting on a throne, with the other fellows bowing to him. He might have made a good Richard II. He evidently could have said with feeling: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Hamlet I loathed. In reality he was a short, broad Italian—a common type—with his black hair cut close. As Amleto, he was a hulking fellow with long hair and black knee-breeches, carrying a long rag of a cloak, and crawling about with his head ducked between his shoulders, reminding me of a blackbeetle: the more so, as he is always turning up where he shouldn't.

He made me hate Hamlet. Of all the sickly, unnatural beasts that Prince of Denmark seemed the greatest. When a decent Italian, Enrico Persevalli, put himself through the creepings and twistings of the unwholesome Dane, I disliked it. Now I know Amleto, the Italian, would have stuck the King who had murdered his father, told the Queen, his mother, to clear out, and would have swept the steps. Or, if the gentle soul who acted King, and who seemed so utterly bewildered with all this business, had been in Hamlet's shoes, he might have wondered what to do: then he would have gone to the priest, or he would have asked his mother. I tried to imagine any Italian in the part: he would not have been a Hamlet. Because every Italian I have seen lives by the human ties which connect him with his neighbours. But Hamlet had no neighbour, and no bond held him to anybody. He could not love, he could only judge. He might well say "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt"—it was dead as half-thawed snow already. It seemed to me Hamlet was not mad, only diseased. He had no feelings. He never had had any. And the whole of "Hamlet" seems to me like a gleam of decay.

It was curious to see Amleto performing the antics of the Dane. He could not, no, he could not work up any hatred of the King and the Queen. He didn't hate them, and yet he had to play tricks on them. It

was all to pieces. There was no unity anywhere. Then when he had to recite long speeches he got passionate. I am sure, as he stepped forward whispering "Essere"—took another step—"o non essere"—plunged with his hand—"that is the question," the contadini thought he was stuck in the back, and they held their breath. But they were had. There was quite a lot of passion in these speeches, so the audience were held. But none of the passion came out of the words. It was all wandering in the blood of Enrico Persevalli, and out it came, like an inarticulate cry shapen to Shakspere's words, the latter having no meaning, only a regulated clatter. Of all the sad performances of "Hamlet," this was one of the saddest.

The *rôles* were naturally condensed. Horatio played the Ghost. I knew him because, when he came in at the Queen-Hamlet scene, he had on Horatio's white trousers and patent slippers. He had a table-cloth like a nun's shawl over his head, hanging behind, then another shawl of open-work wool over his face. But the audience took him perfectly seriously. There was even a thrill of fear: and I shared it. That Ghost has been one of my bitterest griefs. A great stain fell on the sky when I knew Punch didn't talk. Then, when I was about seven years old, I went to Teddy Rainer's theatre in the Statutes ground at home: we used to long for the twopence it cost to go in! They played "Hamlet" once a fortnight. My mother would let me go to see "Hamlet," but not "Maria Martin, or the Murder in the Red Barn." I hung on to the form when the Ghost said, very deep:

"'Amblet, A'mblet, I *am* thy father's ghost."

Then a voice from the audience came, cruelly disillusioned:

"Why tha h'arena—I can tell thy voice."

Then I wanted to go dismally home. It was all untrue, and the Ghost wasn't a ghost. Since then, I have seen the spectral form of Hamlet's father both sheeted and cased in tin, and have looked the other way. Now, however, I have regained my innocence, and if the Ghost came in a cook's cap and apron, I should shudder. For a ghost may look anything, and still be a ghost. Who am I to say to the spirit—"thus shalt thou be!" And the peasants of the Garda are evidently with me. They sat absorbed and watched.

Ophelia came in white, with her fair hair down her back, and flowers in her hand, instead of a hanky. And again I thought what a miserable creature Hamlet was, behaving in his indirect, indecent, dirty fashion to the girl. Poor Ophelia, she laughed and cried in a breath, and threw her flowers away. She, at any rate, knew what was the matter: he did not love her, never had loved her, could not love anybody. It was enough to send any girl crazy, to have given her love to a phosphorescent thing like Hamlet. What *was* she to do with her poor body, if not deck it with flowers and love it herself, then drown it? The peasants were with her, every man. At the end of her scene was a hoarse roar, half of indignation, half of passion. They evidently loathed the cold Prince of Denmark.

The graveyard scene was a great success. It pleased me mightily to see Hamlet looking such a fool, and taken off by the grave-digger. It was queer to hear the latter say to the Prince of Denmark, handing him a skull:

"Questo cranio, signore."

And Amleto, dainty fellow, took the skull in a corner of his black cloak, in order not to soil his hands. That Hamlet is "Signore" and a skull is a "cranio" makes all the difference.

The close fell very flat. The contadini applauded the graveyard scene wildly. But at the end of all they got up and crowded to the doors, unmoved, in spite of the fact that Amleto had achieved a *tour de force*: he had fallen smack down three steps in his death drop. But braced muscles will bounce, and Signor Amleto bounced quite high off the stage. "Good!" I exclaimed, but I was applauding the gymnastic feat, not the death. I have seen Hamlets perish with more vigour, but not with such a bounce.

The people of the audience are a joy for ever. It is free and united as a tea-party downstairs. In English theatres every man seems to have an abnormal sensitiveness in his knees and his elbows, and he keeps himself contracted as tight as he can, so as not to touch his neighbour. Here the men lounge and lean on one another, talk and laugh and stroll, or stare in utter childish absorption,

so that the place seems full of pleasure for everybody, and everybody shares with everybody else. It gives a warm feeling of life. And at the end of the scenes the men push their black hats back, rub the hair across their brows with a pleased, excited movement. And the women stir in their seats.

Just one man is with his wife and child, and he is evidently in love with his wife. He is a fair, handsome, clean fellow, rather queer, in that he seems to have gathered his wife and child into an atmosphere together, so that they are quite separate among the crowd. It reminds me of the Holy Family. I guess Joseph was really like this man; with a keen, abstract look, quite as wild and untamed as a hawk, but like a hawk at its own nest, fierce with love. Why should Joseph always be painted bald and bearded and a muff? My Joseph buys a tiny, tiny bottle of lemonade, and the mother and child sip it. It is curious how these three are by themselves in the theatre, as much as if they were camping in the desert alone on their way to Egypt.

The bersaglieri sit close together, in groups, with thick shoulders, close-cropped, dark heads, their thick brown hands on each other's shoulders. When an act is over, they pick up their cherished hats and fling on their cloaks, and go into the hall. They are like young, half-wild oxen—such strong, healthy, naïve lads. As yet they are quite womanless. In this they are different from any soldiers I have ever seen. They seem to have no sense of women. Quite free, and fond of each other, almost in love with each other, they put on their beloved hats. These are round, they slant over the left ear, and from them streams a dark green stream of cocks'-plumes. One man is very straight and solid feeling. His cock-feathers slither in a profuse, heavy stream, almost on to his shoulder. He swings round. His feathers slip in a cascade. Then he goes out to the hall, his feathers tossing and falling richly. The last of the bersaglieri walks humbly, as if he wants to escape notice. His poor, thin handful of feathers flutters pitiably. He could not afford any more. These feathers are paid for by the soldiers, and a full plume may cost twenty or thirty lire.

Pietro, who carries from the steamer to the wharf,

starts up from sleep like a wild-cat, as somebody claps him on the shoulder. He is young, not more than twenty-three, thin, dark, handsome, but almost ragged, where everybody is so scrupulously tidy, and his black week's beard shows very plainly. He has been flirting with the wife of that stately, gloomy, green-black barber, the Siciliano. For Pietro has a bad character. And he is already married. And in this part, there is very little looseness, very little promiscuity.

The peasants, in their hats and cloaks, crowd the hall. The few women soon slip away home. In the bar a few are drinking. A glass, that is a tumbler, of wine costs a penny. It is horrible, new wine. But "Hamlet" is an expensive play, there are so many intervals. And a man cannot afford to drink so often in one weekday evening. On Sunday it is rather different. The bersaglieri, who are well off, drink a glass of vermouth. There is a busy trade, but very little money spent.

Upstairs, the "quality" has paid its visits and shaken hands. The Signor di P., our padrone, is one of the gentry, and, next to the magistrate, or judge of the commune, the most important man present. He visits the G. in the box next the stage, and he spends two entre-actes with me. For the rest he has either a bow or an unseeing eye. His workmen—there are only two—look up at the boxes much as they look up at the paintings of the Holy Angels in the church, with an uncritical, almost unseeing eye. Themselves, poor devils, walk the far earth beneath. The chemist and the grocer and the schoolmistress visit each other. The second grocer and the baker pay calls. The barber goes to see the furniture man, and then downstairs. Class distinctions are cut very fine. As we pass out with the padrona of the hôtel, who is a German, we stop to speak to our friends, the di P. They have a warm handshake and conversation for us; for the padrona, a distant bow. We realise our mistake, take our leave, and rejoin the padrona.

But I know all about everybody, from the barber—not the Siciliano, but the little, flashy barber with the pleasant-sounding voice. He says, in the three performances in Epiphany week, the theatre took two hundred and sixty-five lire. The actor-manager pays twenty-two lire for every

performance given, as rent for the building, including light. The leading lady has thirty lire a week: but then her girl acts too. The King and Queen and four others are all one family, and they have about fifty líre a week. The actor-manager is not married. He once was engaged, but —but the barber's tales are too long. He knows everything.

A Curtain-Dropper

By William Caine

"HAVE you got IT, Azrael?" asked Mrs. West Whitely (not -Whitely).

"Hush, Myriam!" replied the Lord Barnes, as, with a sudden movement, he transferred a small, flat phial from an interior waistcoat pocket to the outstretched hand of his interlocutrix. "The less said about IT the better," he continued, "but I may inform you that there is enough in WHAT YOU HOLD to do for a regiment of dragoons, and the best of it would be that they would all be taken to have died of heart disease. IT can defy the most stringent post-mortem examination—I have used IT many times and never known IT to fail. IT's recipe is an old family secret which I inherit from the Borgias through the Brinvilliers. We Barneses are of a devilish old stock, you know, Myriam. But why should I boast when there is work to do! Give IT to your husband as soon as you can—at lunch, I suggest, in his favourite hock and seltzer. IT is perfectly colourless and tasteless, but I should wish poor dear William's last moment to be a pleasant one, and we both know that hock and seltzer is a weakness of his. But it would be just the same if you were to put IT in water. As I have said, IT is perfectly colourless and tasteless. And now good-bye till two o'clock at the Corner House. You will have nice time (if you pack this morning) to get there after luncheon has disposed of your husband, and we can catch the 2.20 Continental at Charing Cross easily. But mind, don't keep me waiting. That is a thing I never forgive—not even to you, my sweet Myriam. And I must be at Monte Carlo to-morrow. There is a fever in my blood which can only be allayed at the green tables. And now, good-bye. Remember, the word is—secrecy and dispatch. Not a word to a soul, above all to your husband. If he had a suspicion of what we intended it would ruin everything."

With these words the Lord Barnes kissed Mrs. West's hand and left the house. It was already eleven o'clock in the morning, and he had much wickedness to accomplish in London before the departure of the 2.20 Continental. This man with his angel's face was a danger to Society.

Mrs. West remained staring at—almost stupidly—WHAT SHE HELD IN HER HAND. Barnes had acquired an absolute dominance over this poor, pretty, soft little woman; she was entirely prepared and resolved to do his behests; but she was not so utterly his tool as not to hesitate. Still a spark of pity warmed her all but dead soul. She was thinking of William—such a good sort! Why must he die, dash it? Why did Azrael insist on going so far? Surely they could afford William the chance of divorcing them. Of course, if he didn't take it, it would be his look out. Then he would simply *have* to be put away. For Myriam West was quite resolved upon respectability. She loved Azrael Barnes. Yes—but not at the price of her position in Society. She was prepared, for Azrael's sake, to live a little while beneath a cloud, but not permanently. Rather not!

"I suppose," she said after a while, "I suppose he's right. It *will* prevent a lot of unpleasantness. But it seems a very extreme step to take against a most decent soul. However, I suppose it's his own fault. If he hadn't married me there'd have been none of this trouble. But then Azrael wouldn't have fallen in love with me. So I really ought to be obliged to William for making me his wife. So it seems rather a surly trick to play him, don't it? Oh, hang it!" she broke off. "What a nuisance thinking is. As I can't see my way to doing the right thing, I may as well do the one I want to. It isn't as if I really minded poisoning William, poor old chap!"

She bestowed the phial in the bosom of her dress (they were not buttoning up the back that week) and, picking up a Society Journal, spent an hour and a half in trying to trace some resemblance between the crowded snapshots of the aristocracy and their originals—most of whom were her intimate friends.

Now and then she paused to sniff the perfume of some marvellous scarlet petunias which the Lord Barnes had brought to her that morning, fresh cut and the latest

triumph from his miles of glass. They stood in a vase by her side, and every time she inhaled their scent she thought of Azrael. This man had taken complete possession of her soul.

The door opened and her husband came in. The Hon. William West was a splendid-looking young man with a taste for water-colour painting. He had been at Winchester and Balliol and had been intended by his parents (the Duke and Duchess) first for the Navy, then for the Army, then for the Diplomatic Service, then for the Bar, and finally for the Church. But here he had at last struck and declared himself a Presbyterian. After that they let him alone, gave him an allowance of twenty or thirty thousand pounds a year, and reluctantly abandoned their ambitions for their child. William took up water-colour painting, at which he proved as perfect a failure as if he had been intended for it by his parents, but this didn't trouble him in the least. He enjoyed what he was doing this time.

In the thirtieth year of his age he married Myriam—then, or *née*, Ochs.

Then he went on with his water-colour painting.

"Hullo, Myriam," he said on this occasion, "how are you?" They had not met for several days, so the question was not so extraordinary as it seems. Myriam was a little pale, but her voice was steady.

"Ever so bobbish," she said, "but devilish hungry. Will you have hock and seltzer at luncheon, as usual, Wilkins?" This was her pet name for him.

"That's mine," said William. "I say, those are devilish handsome flowers you've got there. What are they? Did dear old Azzie Barnes send them? His gardener's always inventing new kinds. He's famous for it, isn't he? Takes all the prizes at the poultry shows, they tell me, doesn't he?"

"No," said Myriam, "they came from Clement Harringay."

Why did she lie? Who knows? Why do people lie, unless it is to conceal the truth? Perhaps that was Myriam's reason. Perhaps she shrank from allowing the name of Barnes to be imported into the conversation. Perhaps she sought, by representing the petunias as the gift of Lord Clement Harringay, to distract her husband's mind from

the suspicion which to her guilty heart his words seemed to voice. For Lord Clement was acknowledged to be the best young man in Society, if not the only good one.

"Ah," said William, "didn't know Clement had gone in for arboriculture."

"Perhaps he bought them in a shop," said Myriam, lying on.

"Now," said her husband, "that's a devilish clever suggestion of yours, old girl, and I shouldn't wonder if you'd hit the mark. Would you," he continued, "get me a glass of water, Myriam?" He sat down on a chair.

She rang the bell, and when their butler came ordered him to bring that for which William had asked. In a few moments she rose and, fumbling at the bosom of her dress, left the room. In a few more she returned, carrying a tray on which was a glass of water.

"I saved Parker a little trouble," she said as she entered, in laughing apology for her conduct. "There you are, old boy," and she put the tray beside him. "Drink it up. As you say, it's very hot to-day." Indeed, she was perspiring freely.

"Hot be blowed!" he replied. "For January, perhaps." So saying, he opened a drawer and took out his painting materials.

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

"Paint a picture," said William. "There's just time to draw it in before lunch, what? And those flowers of Clement's appeal strongly to my artistic sense."

"No," she said hoarsely, "no, William. Don't paint. Drink this water."

"I don't want it," he cried in a peevish voice. "I'm not thirsty. I want to paint a picture." He took a petunia from the vase, placed it in the tumbler, selected a pencil and a Whatman board and began to draw the outline of the flower.

Suddenly Myriam saw that the petunia's ruddy tint had changed to a sickly green. William went on drawing happily, humming a light air. He was not concerned with the colour problem which the petunia presented. Questions of form alone interested him as yet.

But soon he paused, and "Lord bless us!" he ex-

claimed, "what's the matter with the damned thing? It's wilting."

It was. Before their eyes it shrank and dwindled, its head drooped and grew small, its stem weakened, its leaves diminished, it was dying. A little space, and nothing remained in the tumbler but the ghost of the petunia.

"Well," said William, "dash my buttons! Did you ever see the like of that?"

"Never," said Myriam in her ghastliest voice.

"There's something wrong with that water," said William.

"Oh, nonsense," she said.

"I dunno," he replied, "I think there must be. Devilish good thing I didn't swallow it, anyhow, what?"

"Devilish," she echoed mechanically.

"I tell you what," he said excitedly, "I'm going to have this looked into. It's not natural for a flower to wither up like that. I expect there's something wrong with the pipes. I don't want to have us all down with lead-poisoning, old girl. I tell you what I'm going to do."

"What?" she breathed.

"You'll see," he assured her. He took from his painting satchel the little screw bottle in which he carried water when he went sketching. Into this bottle he emptied some of the contents of the tumbler. Then he screwed on the nozzle and rose to his feet. "Be back in a moment," he said as he moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" she screamed.

"To the public analyst's," he said. "His place is just round the corner. Rather lucky, eh? I'll be back in time for lunch, old thing."

He passed through the door.

For a long time Myriam stood rigid, gazing at the place where he had disappeared. Then she said: "It will all come out. It must all come out. This is the end. But, Azrael, it was for your sake and it was worth while."

She picked up the glass, in which half a pint of liquid (I dare not call it water) remained.

"I am devilish young to die," she murmured, "but I can't face the prospect of being sketched by a *Star* man."

She carried the glass to her lips and drained it at a gulp.

Ten minutes later William came back into the room.

The screw-topped bottle was in his hand and he was very pale.

"Hullo, Myriam," he cried, "what are you doing grovelling under the piano there for?"

There was no reply. He stooped down, made a brief examination, and rose to his feet with a cry. "Dead, by Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Dead! But why?" and as he spoke his eye fell upon the empty tumbler clutched in the icy grip of the poor dead right hand.

He sat down on a chair and tried to think. It was a practice to which he was unaccustomed, but now his brain was stimulated by adversity—for he had passionately loved his wife—and it seemed to him as if the problem which he had to face resolved itself with extraordinary ease.

Myriam was dead. Why? Why? Why was she dead? Why had she died? Why was she no longer living?

That she had killed herself he did not doubt for an instant. The empty tumbler, together with the analysis of the phial's contents which he held between his fingers, told its own tale. Yes, Myriam had taken her own life. Scissors!

But why? Why? Why did people do such things? Because, something seemed to whisper to him, they fear to live—for instance, they fear exposure. But why should Myriam fear exposure? Because, something else told him, she had known what was in the glass which she had offered, nay, pressed on him. In other words, she had tried to poison him and, failing, had poisoned herself rather than face exposure. This was evident. But why should she have wished to poison him? He had always been good to her. Her allowance had always been regularly paid. He had never struck her.

Suddenly his eye encountered the petunias in their vase, and as if by a flash of lightning he saw everything. She had sought to poison him so as to remove him from her path to Lord Clement Harringay. She loved Clement. He sent her flowers. What more natural, having regard to the depraved state of Society, than that she should act as she had done? William lit a cigarette, for he was sadly shaken.

At this moment the bell of the flat rang. William who was loth to let the servant leave the cooking of luncheon,

which must now be at a critical stage, called down the passage that he would answer the door, and made good his words. But first he pulled a rug over the body on the floor.

On the threshold stood Lord Clement Harringay.

Lord Clement had the most depraved face of anyone in good society: dark, haggard, aquiline, heavily moustached, and cursed by a pronounced cast in his left eye, he would have passed anywhere for a villain. This only shows how deceptive appearances can be, for Lord Clement's nature was gold pure, unalloyed and without a speck of dross. He was a young man next to whom anybody might be glad to sit at auction. Until this moment William had never so much as associated his visitor with any kind of wickedness. But now he knew him for what he was.

"Come in, old boy," he said. "Come in and have a drink." He would teach Clement Harringay to monkey about with another man's happiness

"Surely," said Clement, stepping through the door. "Is your wife at home, by any chance?" The cynicism of such a question!

"Oh, yes," said William easily; "I'll send you to join her in a moment. But come in and have a lime-juice, or a sarsaparilla." If Lord Clement had a weakness it was his fondness for blood purifiers.

"Thanks, West," he replied. "You're very good." The two men followed one another into the drawing-room.

"Where is your wife?" said Lord Clement. "It's rather important."

"Oh," said William, "she's close by."

"You're sure," said Lord Clement. "that she's *here*?"

"Oh, sure," said William.

Lord Clement heaved a sigh of relief. "Then," he said, "*that's* all right." Meanwhile William had emptied the phial into a glass of water and filled it up with lime-juice. He now advanced smiling and placed the refreshment in Lord Clement's hand. For himself he had provided a stiff brandy and benedictine.

"Here's to you," he said and drained his glass. Lord Clement began to copy his example, but instantly he cried out in dismay and put the half empty tumbler on the piano.

"What's the matter?" asked William.

"There was something wrong with that lime-juice," said Lord Clement. "It burned like fire." He sank into a chair, white to the lips.

"Hah! hah!" observed William, "that'll teach you to make other men's wives fall in love with you, you dog. You'd send her petunias, would you? You'd set her on to poison her lawful wedded husband, would you?"

"I fail to understand you," gasped Lord Clement.

"Oh," said William, "of course you think it necessary to keep it up for her sake. You are, after all, a sort of a kind of a gentleman. But, believe me, it's not worth while. See!" and he withdrew the rug from his late wife's body.

Lord Clement gave a cry. "Oh," he said, "this is horrible," but whether he referred to what he saw or what he felt who shall say?

"You see," said William, "I know all."

"On the contrary," said Lord Clement, "you know nothing and you have made a terrible mistake. Your unhappy wife was about to elope with Barnes. This fact has only recently been made known to me through hearing Barnes boasting about it in the Club. I came to beseech her to do nothing of the sort. I was too fond of you, William, old boy, to leave unturned any stone which might help to contribute to your happiness. As for my sending your wife petunias, I may inform you that I do not grow them, that I do not like them, and that I should never dream of sending flowers of a tertiary tint to anyone, least of all to a lady for whom I entertain so deep a respect as the late Mrs. William West. If you do not believe me, search her desk and you will be almost sure to find something incriminating from Barnes. He is reckless to the last degree and women are proverbially careless in such matters. You see, William, that you have made a very considerable ass of yourself. But, excuse me, I am dying."

His head fell forward. "I am dead," he said, untruthfully—but only for a moment.

"I wonder," said William dubiously, "if there is anything in what he says."

He opened the top drawer of his wife's desk and discovered that it was filled with highly compromising letters from Barnes.

"Well!" he said. "Dash my buttons, if I haven't made

a regular bally example of myself. I say! how I shall get chaffed over this. I say! this is really a bit too thick —I say! I can't ever face up to this—I say! I wonder what I'd better do."

Something in his brain seemed to say, "Have done with it all. It's a rotten world, anyhow."

"Now," he said aloud. "that's really not a bad idea. And now I come to think of it I've done poor old Clement in and there's no way of escaping the hangman. And I say! I shall show up awfully poorly over this! I shall look a frightful ass. I'm afraid there's no help for it."

He picked up Lord Clement's half empty tumbler and finished it. Very soon afterwards a third corpse lay upon the parquetry of the drawing-room.

About the same time the Lord Barnes, having wearied of waiting for Mrs. West at the Corner House, was handing into the train for Monte Carlo the *fiancée* of a man who had twice saved his life. He was eloping with her.

The Doctors and Venereal Disease

By Civis

THE appeal of the doctors for the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the facts of venereal diseases, and to recommend what steps, prophylactic and therapeutic, are to be taken to cope with this scourge of modern civilisation, is a movement which should meet with the support of all citizens, male and female.

When the subject of venereal diseases was discussed last year at the Royal Society of Medicine, it was stated, without contradiction, that in London alone there "are *forty thousand* new cases of the gravest form of the disease every year, and in the United Kingdom as a whole a *hundred and thirty thousand* such cases." Think what this means. It requires no effort of the imagination to grasp the magnitude of the evil existing in secret in our midst, to realise the stupendous social sore involved in this annually recruited army of syphilitics, to picture the suffering and sorrow of the afflicted, and the grave danger to perfectly innocent people—wives, children, doctors, dentists, students and nurses—and to the offspring of many thus tainted. It is a picture of misery and suffering which no one can contemplate with equanimity. It is a pest in the social life which is nothing less than a disgrace.

The chief difficulty in coping with the question lies, of course, in the shamefaced way with which society approaches it, an attitude which, needless to say, scientifically is ridiculous. And this is the first obstacle to overcome. If this blight is to be removed, it is essential, first and foremost, to take the public into the scientific conscience, as it were, to point out how comparatively easy it is to control and even to stamp out the disease, the only requirement demanded being frank and conscientious co-operation. Such questions as Home Rule, Land or Housing Reform, pale before the importance of this matter, which more nearly concerns the health and welfare of the public than all the political problems of the day put together. If only the people could be got to see the gravity of this blot on our

civilisation—a blot unknown to the Greeks—they would be the first to demand public action. For as science has stamped out the plague, leprosy, and outbreaks such as typhoid typhus and smallpox are regarded as a civic disgrace, so could the venereal diseases be stamped out. And that they will be eventually is a certainty. When one pauses to consider that their danger is one of contagion, not of infection (as in scarlet fever, for example), it will be clear at once that science must indeed be negligible that cannot get the upper hand of a malady acquired only by contact, and now, as the best medical opinion admits, known to be safely and *entirely curable*.

But science can do nothing alone. So long as we look on sex and venereal disease as a matter of shame and secrecy, so long will the evil endure, and so long precisely will the quack doctors thrive. It is a question of public education; it is a question of parental responsibility; it is a question quintessentially of scientific organised enlightenment.

As it is, what happens? Let me describe roughly a case narrative. A young man finds himself afflicted, and after long delay at last consults a doctor, who duly prescribes for him. The remedy, it is true, is severe and long, but the worst of it is, its therapeutic action is as promptly decisive as it is deceptive. Incredibly soon, the young man feels himself completely well—cured, as he thinks. Though he has been told by his doctor on no account to relax the treatment, to report himself regularly, to continue the remedy for a year or more, he is feckless, like most young men, and thinks he knows better. He feels as fit as a fiddle—at the end of a month or so he leaves off all treatment, and is surprised and alarmed to find himself once more within some nine months or so in the medical consulting-room, where he is told he has now secondary symptoms, that is to say, the disease has become constitutional. Again he takes up the cure, this time, being somewhat agitated, with more persistency, and again the symptoms disappear, often with incredible suddenness, and he feels as fit, and fitter, than ever. He reports himself for a while, and then neglects to. "I can't be ill if I feel well," he reasons to himself in his ignorance, and so the time goes on, and then, like most mortals, he falls in love.

The young man marries and shortly afterwards seeks out a physician. This time the doctor looks grave—the poor fellow has a tertiary symptom. Unless immediate action is taken and his wife is likewise submitted to treatment, a child may be born, perfectly healthy for a month, but then probably developing unmistakable signs of the hereditary taint. Perhaps the wife has escaped affliction, but at childbirth she has acquired it from the fœtus.* So all three are tainted. Can anything more horrible be thought of? And yet this is a story common enough in medical practice. It is the tragedy of many thousands of our homes, both rich and poor.

Now the point is that it could all have been avoided. Had the young man obeyed the doctor, had he submitted to the prescribed rigorous treatment for more or less two years from his first visit to the physician, in all probability no secondary symptoms would have appeared; his doctor would have been able to give him a true bill of health and even have permitted him to marry—in the event of no secondary symptoms having shown themselves, certainly three years after infection; in the event of proper curative treatment subsequent to the secondary symptoms, no doubt, six years after infection. And his wife would have remained healthy; his child would have been healthy, and probably he would have enjoyed lifelong health and happiness.

In this typical case we have the a b c of the question, the reverse and the obverse side. The danger of syphilis in European countries is not the disease itself, but the *neglect* of the disease. And this danger of neglect should be ingrained upon the mind of every lad as a law and a social text. He should be told as part of his education that the disease is a constitutional disease; that the disappearance of its primary symptoms, in themselves signals of warning, so to speak, are no sign or criterion whatever of cure; but that its real danger lies in the hold the virus obtains on the constitution, that as such, it is only curable by drastic and prolonged treatment under proper medical advice for two years dating from the time of infection. Treated thus, it is now known the disease is relatively harmless and

* Seminal transmission is now generally admitted. The worst of it is that in such cases the woman acquires the disease at childbirth from the fœtus.

curable—curable absolutely. The remedy—mercury—it is now also admitted, is by no means the evil thing it was thought to be some years ago, a realisation this, due to the enormous advance in medical knowledge in the therapeutics of mercurial administration. Indeed, this is one of the bugbears connected with the question that should be exposed as publicly as possible. How often does one not hear it said: "Oh, the treatment is worse than the disease," and other such nonsense, whereas the real fact is that, properly administered and controlled, the necessary treatment is not harmful at all, except in certain cases, and often proves in other respects directly beneficial to the whole system. This truth cannot be too widely known. The old-fashioned violent salivation has now been quite abandoned by modern science, and for the very good reason that the object is not to give the patient a shock, but to keep the antidote in the system for as long a period as possible. It is of the utmost importance that this should be clearly understood.

It is not my purpose here to enter into medical details, but the time has come when certain truths connected with syphilis should be boldly and publicly proclaimed. I have referred to the mercury bugbear. Another is the wicked and ignorant talk about the disease itself.

Until recently many people, including doctors, used to speak of the disease as practically fatal. Only a few years ago, at an international conference of doctors at Berlin, a prominent English representative said in the hearing of some of his Continental colleagues: "The man who gets syphilis had better shoot himself"; and he was rather roughly, but jocularly, taken to task. That poor fellow killed himself not very long afterwards. And such, unfortunately, is the loose way people generally talk about the disease, in clubs, in smoking-rooms, thus spreading the fallacy, which is nothing less than a sinister superstition.

Nor is the profession wholly without blame in this respect. Despite the authoritative statements of that great man, Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, especially what he laid down as the laws of transmission through germ or sperm infection, the profession generally has only recently fallen into line with his main contentions, which the highest authorities on the Continent accept as correct. Frequently, too, doctors

fail to impress upon patients the hideous consequences of neglect. A conspiracy of silence exists upon the subject which is one of the chief causes of the present wide prevalence and dissemination of the disease. And this should be broken down by the doctors. It is for them to come forward and proclaim the truths that are now known about the disease, to proclaim, in short, the great *message of hope*, which these truths embody and signify.

I consider it a public duty to state them briefly here, for the more people know them the better, and so the easier will the task be of systematising both prophylactic and therapeutic State action.

Let me recapitulate them. Bacteriological research has at last discovered the parasite which is accepted as the immediate cause of the disease—it is named the *Spirochaete pallida*.

An enormously powerful therapeutical weapon has been found in Professor Ehrlich's arsenical treatment, salvarsan or 606, and though it is too soon to dogmatise about it, its effects in the early stages of the disease have been found to be almost "miraculous."

The use and administration of mercury and iodides are now clearly understood, whether by inunction, injection, or through the mouth, so that the "mercurial bugbear" is now finally disposed of.

Treatment generally is to-day highly scientific and systematised and need cause no fear to the patient whatever.

So much for the treatment. I come now to the disease, in the diagnosis of which immense progress has also been made. Now, the important thing here is for the public to know that it is a perfectly curable malady. As Sir Jonathan Hutchinson* wrote: "Diseases such as insanity, tuberculosis, and even gout are far more real dangers to the race than is syphilis." The disease presents no danger to a normally healthy man—*provided he takes the proper treatment*. In short, syphilis is far less dangerous than typhoid, but of course always with the proviso that it is combated in the proper specific way.

A man who has been treated for two years and during that time has never shown secondary symptoms, may safely

* *Syphilis*. By Sir Jonathan Hutchinson. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

marry and have children. That is now a pretty generally accepted law as regards the marriage question.

More. Secondary, even tertiary, symptoms in no way preclude the subsequent right of marriage. After a certain number of years—it is generally accepted as six—the microbe apparently loses its contagious or transmissible power, so that parents who have reached the sixth year of their disease do not *transmit*, though they may themselves be still liable to severe tertiary symptoms, and particularly is this true as regards the male.* Thus the phenomenon is to be seen daily in medical practice of a male parent, husband of a perfectly healthy wife, father of several healthy children, who is himself the subject of tertiary manifestations.

As the law of hereditary transmission now stands, it would seem to be that transmission is always particulate: always, that is, a transference of specific germs. "It is not the state of health of the parent that is transmissible, but the poison; thus the law of syphilitic transmission differs fundamentally from that of such diseases as gout and scrofula." (See Hutchinson's work already referred to.)

The significance of this truth, admitted by nearly all authorities in the profession, is obvious. It disposes of the nonsense talked about this disease. It is a message of hope that cannot be too widely known.

Lastly, it may be said that even severe cases of latent syphilis, due always to neglect and want of proper care in the early stages of the disease, are now found frequently to be amenable to treatment, even cases of dystrophic arterial disease, which are ranked now under the name of para-syphilis. And this applies even to cases of incipient general paralysis of the insane and those of a tabetic nature generally.

Syphilis, then, is not the "fatal" disease loosely imagined: it is far less harmful than many maladies people incur and think nothing of. It is indeed rarely a "hopeless" illness. It is only dangerous either to the patient or to others when its proper treatment has been neglected.

* In women unfortunately this law does not hold equally good, possibly because of the great retentive influences of the ova. It is certain that a tainted woman retains the liability to transmit the poison far longer than does the male. Of course no man suffering actually from symptoms should marry. The whole question depends largely on the treatment he has undergone.

This, however, is precisely the problem and the difficulty, and that is why the demand of the doctors for a Royal Commission is of such vital importance to society.

I have dwelt on the scientific side of the question, the hopeful side. Let us turn to the dark side. Here, at once, we are confronted with a mass of evidence overwhelming and dumbfounding. Always it is the same story—prostitution and neglect. One hundred and thirty thousand new cases every year in Great Britain! How many of these will undergo proper treatment? Probably not more than forty thousand at the most. That leaves some ninety thousand annually more or less indifferently cured; as such all for a period of years highly contagious through germ and sperm transmission—90,000 new potential transmitters of the poison per annum. Many of these tainted people go about sublimely ignorant of the nature of the disease, thinking that if there is nothing to show they must necessarily be perfectly well and innocuous; many of them utterly careless or ignorant, all of them subsequently themselves to suffer, some lightly, some terribly, according to the care and the treatment they may eventually take. Owing to the secrecy generally adopted, this poisoned army moves about in slum and drawing-room, unsuspected and unspotted. In ten years their numbers swell to nine hundred thousand, and their ratio increases proportionately. And this refers only to one, the worst, of the venereal diseases.* Is it to be expected that prostitutes can escape the disease? It would be a miracle if they did, and as a fact almost every prostitute, sooner or later, contracts the disease, which she thus disseminates broadcast, all the more as in this country there is absolutely no control, and owing to the sense of shame associated with the malady, prostitutes avoid medical inspection and treatment as much as does the public generally. Moreover, owing to the degradation in which they are held, they are notoriously careless and reckless.

A ghastly picture of folly, ignorance, and social incompetence, for in fact this is the disease of civilisation. In

* Though syphilis can be a very terrible disease, it would be a huge mistake for the Royal Commission to leave out gonorrhea, which is far more prevalent, and, though not constitutional, is, in an enormous number of cases, disastrous in its consequences, and also in its dire effects upon the offspring. Scientifically, syphilis is so far more "interesting" that gonorrhea is apt to be neglected. But the parasite of that disease, too, has been discovered. Why, then, neglect to destroy it?

Turkey, where it was introduced by white men, the disease is rapidly playing havoc with the otherwise fine natural constitutions of the natives, and the army is rampant with it. It is so in Africa, and all over the world where white men have left their trail behind.

Neglected, improperly treated, syphilis is a truly terrible malady, protean in its manifestations, pitiless in its mysterious latency, for a man can be struck down after twenty years of apparent immunity, and the forms of parasyphilis, it is now recognised, are the most terrible and dangerous of all. Our asylums are peopled with the afflicted; moreover, locomotor ataxy is now universally attributed to it.

"May I marry?" Every physician almost has heard the appeal, and what is he to say? He has had no opportunities to observe the patient; he only has the applicant's word for the treatment he has undergone; yet, on the other hand, refusal carries with it also a social danger. The man who realises he cannot marry—think of the tens of thousands of men thus situated—will almost inevitably have resort to prostitutes (the disease carries with it no sexual disability), thus contributing to maintain that evil, probably in many cases thus contributing to propagate the disease. And this aspect of the matter should not be overlooked by eugenist reformers and all who promulgate the desirability of the marriage ban. It is not a problem that can be solved by theory or dogma, for the less men marry * the greater will prostitution become. It is a problem essentially for the widest common-sense consideration. But that it is a problem calling for immediate scientific action must be plain even to the most superficial mind, and that women should interest themselves in its solution, should fully appreciate its dangers and difficulties, is also essential, because it concerns them equally.

We send our boys to schools, where they are taught certain principles of general cleanliness, but nothing is ever said to them about a subject which concerns every one of them, individually and collectively. It would seem the merest axiom of common prudence, not only to acquaint lads and young men with the dangers of venereal diseases,

* Sociologists who are aware of the growing disinclination to marriage and to the concurrent and ancillary growth of the irregular union will have to consider the problem from that aspect—namely, its economic, social, and physical sides.

but to acquaint them fully and demonstrably with the dire perils of their neglect. Sex is the strongest part of a normal man's nature. To ignore it, to pretend that it is not so, is hypocritical folly, but as long as we continue so to think science can avail little. If we teach our boys to clean their teeth or they will decay, so it might be thought we should teach them the far more important truths about their bodies, lest they fall into disease and decay also. The cult of health is not a fad, it has become a necessity. What is the use of teaching lads the dead languages, if they are allowed to wreck their own bodies and souls? Truly, it is a mad world. And perhaps the maddest thing in all our modern civilisation is this passive attitude of the State towards a subject which is of the utmost importance to the individual and to the whole collective body. To talk sternly of "immorality" is not sufficient. Youth is human, and humanity is frail. No code of ethics will ever help here. It is a case for science. Above all, let us remember that sex is not a political question; that the Church has failed even to tackle the problem; that sex, as the strongest force in human nature, has the undoubted right of both expression and protection.

I have spoken of the disease as a curable malady. I have said that, properly treated, it is less dangerous than scarlet fever. I have said that Hutchinson's law of transmission is accepted—because I think it right that these things should be publicly known. Physicians are only too well acquainted with what is known as "syphilis misery," which is really a form of hallucination, the result of morbid imagination, due very largely to the current old-woman's talk about the fatal nature of the disease. I want, however, to be clearly understood. If I say that, given the necessity of having syphilis or enteric, I would far rather have syphilis—because I would know how to cure it and would see that I did cure it—let me not be misunderstood as implying that syphilis is not a truly horrible and dangerous disease. It is so because of its hideous potentialities, its insidious latency, its terrible, and often fatal, later effects—but it is only so as the result of inadequate early treatment. That is the point. That is the reason why enlightenment is of the utmost importance.

One may say, almost with confidence, that if every case

of the acquired poison during the next decade were properly treated, at the end of that time there would be a prodigious decrease in the disease. There would still be the old cases, of course, but these would by that time be all in the tertiary stage: they would not be transmittants. If every young man entering upon life was educated to look upon the disease as a pest which it was his personal duty to remove by having it cured when contracted—by putting himself, that is, unreservedly in the hands of a doctor until he was given a clean bill of health, it may be said confidently that the next generation in this island would hear extremely little about the disease. Medical science has become so advanced in this matter that already it may be claimed that victory is within sight if only the public would trust itself to its direction. But this, it is to be feared, the public will never do so long as the odium of shame attaching to the afflicted drives the patient to concealment with its dire corollary, evasion.

It would seem, therefore, essential to teach the public that the real odium lies on the civilisation that tolerates the disease, and on the individual who, finding himself affected, does not take the same pains to have himself made duly whole and clean again, as he does, for example, if he contracts ringworm. This is the only scientific attitude to take up in the matter—to teach men that to contract syphilis and not have it properly cured is a social offence. And this should be easy enough. Why the father who is so anxious that his son should get a scholarship or play in the school XI. or row in the 'varsity boat, should not be far more anxious to keep the lad from ruining his whole life, and possibly those of others, by sheer folly and ignorance, is one of those puzzles of our modern civilisation that, I confess, is to me lunatic. Health is a man's best asset in this world. We worship muscle, we neglect the first principles of bodily sanitation.

Only perfectly straight talking will be of the least avail in this matter, because, as before said, the insidious part of the disease is its apparent harmlessness. Being a constitutional malady of remarkably slow growth and individualistic degree of intensity and multiformity, it is unlike other diseases in that, after its primary local and easily removable symptoms, it develops unseen and unnoticed in the tissues without warning or pain or inconvenience of

any kind to the sufferer. Thus a man with a bright eye and a ruddy complexion often falls a victim to the terrible late manifestations of the disease after years and years of immunity. After fifteen years a man may suddenly find that he losing his sight, that he is growing deaf, that his gait is unsteady, that he seems to have lost all sense of feeling in one of his members, that his mind is going—and yet during all those years he felt as well as a man could do. This is the great curse of the malady. If it hurt more in the first instance, if only the patient could be got to understand the frightful danger of permitting the poison to work its morbid effects upon the system, why surely half of the cases that go neglected would be properly treated and cured.

Ignorance and secrecy are thus the two nurseries of the disease. It grows and thrives to strike down the sufferer, as often as not, in the prime years of his life, because of this secrecy which led the patient in the early stages to neglect it and then, because of his apparent healthiness, to ignore it. Nor is there any excuse to-day for this neglect. In the old days, it is true, the syphilitic had some reason for regarding himself as an *âme damné*. To-day we know better. Science is armed with the weapons necessary to destroy the poison. The doctors have the means, they have the power—are we going to refuse them the right?

That is the question. Medical science to-day is part and parcel of State government. As a disease, syphilis could be stamped out of civilised communities as surely as smallpox has been eliminated, and when it is one of the greatest stains on Christian civilisation will have gone.

There is really no reason to be a syphilitic sufferer to-day; nor can the fact be too vividly impressed upon the public that the man who allows tertiary symptoms to manifest themselves to-day has only himself to blame. It is simply a matter of carelessness. There are exceptions, of course. In tropical countries the poison is infinitely more virulent than in Europe, as also in predisposing ground the parasite is often far more potent and destructive. As a general rule, however, the dictum holds that every case of early syphilitic infection is absolutely curable, and that in most cases the disease, even when shamefully neglected, under proper care and treatment is amenable

to control. That being so, the man to-day who neglects to have himself cured is either a fool or a lunatic, and it is precisely these people that it should be the purpose of the physician to warn and instruct.

From the prophylactic side, then, the task of subduing the disease would seem chiefly one of general enlightenment: on the part of parents in the first place, on the part of educational institutions in the second place, lastly through the means of public information and education, and especially this latter in its application to the poorer classes. At every public educational centre there should be free classes of physical instruction, aided by ocular demonstrations which would serve as warnings. All squeamishness in the matter is misplaced and evil. It should be taught that contraction of the disease is not so much a disgrace as a social misfortune which it is the civic duty of the afflicted to cleanse from his body. And all these educational measures should be just as much the duty of the State as is the question of old-age pensions or any other form of Socialistic legislation which pretends to look after the community. Remove our mawkish attitude and apathy and there would be no difficulty in such a scheme. Indeed, the singular thing is that it has not been done long ago. In the way the disease is at present growing, coupled with the misplaced secrecy and ignorance attaching to it, the State is incurring a serious social responsibility in allowing the health of the nation to be thus undermined and poisoned. The statistics of its prevalence alone in Germany are truly appalling. Here, where such statistics are necessarily extremely inadequate, because unattainable, the danger is even greater. It is time, indeed, that statesmen interested themselves in a matter which, if it has little to do with votes, has furiously to do with souls. Here again the work of a scientific Commission would be of the utmost importance. To permit the present muddle-headed anarchy prevailing in such a serious problem is little short of a social indictment.

It is from the social point of view that difficulties present themselves, chiefly on account of the evil of prostitution, in itself a social problem which has hitherto defied State solution, and from the fact that it is from the great and unsystematised body of prostitutes, a class which it

is extremely difficult even to classify, that the majority of cases are recruited. It is not an exaggeration to say that 95 per cent. of the afflicted acquire the disease directly from women who *sell their bodies*.* It is also no exaggeration to say that 40 per cent. of all prostitutes, not under constant inspection, are syphilitic, either actively or latently, as that very few prostitutes ever ultimately escape contagion. The evil is thus obviously an integral part of the prostitution question; indeed, is so intricately and inseparably connected with it that the solution of the one may almost be said to be the solution of both. For the great evil of prostitution to the State is, scientifically and socially, this canker of venereal diseases. That it concerns women as well as men is but a reason the more for the State to make some effort to tackle it. That, too, the ennobling of prostitution would tend on all sides to bring about a healthier state of affairs is probably a dictum that no doctor would dispute.

Compulsory State notification would most certainly be a great step forward, but at present it would seem rather a counsel of perfection than a practical proposal; moreover, evasion, where attempted, would be even more secretive than it is at present. And it is just this possibility of evasion that it is so desirable to prevent. In this country, where we object so much to theory, where the principle of individualism obtains with such force, tabulation of all kinds invariably meets with opposition, and, of course, the right of the individual is a matter fully deserving of support. These are the points which a Royal Commission would decide upon.

Such a Commission, even if it met with the checkmate of so many Commissions, with their majority and minority reports, could not fail to be productive of immense good. It would clear the air, ventilate the question, rouse the public to a sense of civic duty in the matter; moreover, its services in the gathering and collocation of evidence would

* It is scientifically accepted that, given no prostitutes, there would be no syphilis. But the difficulty is to classify prostitution. In Germany, for instance, where registered prostitution in many places exists, the remedy has failed, because of evasion on the part of the tens of thousands of women who indulge in more or less promiscuous intercourse for pecuniary advantages, but who have also a fixed employment. And it is from this class that venereal diseases are mostly caught. The problem in Germany is the "casual," not the "professional." See for admirable statistics and information the compendious work *The Sexual Life of our Time* by Iwan Bloch.

be of incalculable usefulness generally. The Press, too, could be an enormous instrument for enlightenment; indeed, were the Press only to take up the question, there can be no doubt that an enlightened public would rapidly support the demand of the doctors, and a new era in the history of social legislation would have begun. Since writing this, the Government has promised the Commission demanded. It is a fine civic act. If only the Press will insist, the machinery for the abolition of syphilis will have been forged.

Let the public know this. It is not to the financial advantage of the doctors that a Commission should be held. On the contrary. Once let it be the care of educational authorities to teach the public common sense, and thousands and tens of thousands of patients per annum would never appear in the consulting rooms at all. That this movement emanates from the profession is a signal proof of the splendid sense of duty that actuates it.

Personally, I believe most in the educational method, owing to the difficult question of prostitution with which it is involved. But—and I consider this to be most important—there should be a system of medical notification somewhat on the lines of the recidivist police system. Such a system could be kept absolutely secret in the profession, and probably the threat of exposure in cases of defaulters—those who failed to report themselves—would prove adequate. It would enable the physician to satisfy himself that the patient was undergoing the necessary cure; it would, *vice versâ*, serve as a strong moral support to the sufferer. It is true that it would provide the profession with a kind of *dossier* of a man's bill of health, but in all cases of marriage such a system would be of inestimable public service. The starting-point must in any case be a purely scientific attitude, for all moral precepts will fail. The Press should use its great power as a pulpit. The sufferer should be pitied, not ostracised. The odium of syphilis should go. And with the vanishment of that odium there would arise a social feeling of health-duty, sympathy, and co-operation which would be of the utmost civic importance. Once let it be held the duty of the patient to seek out the doctor without the sense of shame—the shame should attach to the uncured, not to the afflicted—

and already we should be well on the right path towards venereal extermination. Maintain that sense, and it is difficult to see how evasion, subterfuge, and the attendant evils of half cures, blasted lives, disastrous marriages, and clandestine resort to quack practitioners can be avoided, especially in cases of young men, who are the very people most likely to shirk treatment and so propagate the virus abroad.

In conclusion, let me again impress on the public that syphilis is at once the lightest and the most terrible of diseases, which causes more misery in our civilisation than that of any other. Surely two better reasons for getting the better of it can hardly be imagined. First, because the poison is relatively so easy to expel from the system; secondly, because its effects are so hideous, destructive and lasting if it is not expelled. If one could hold a plebiscite of sufferers in this country, the public would be literally staggered at the magnitude of the list. In some foreign countries it has been computed that one male in every seven is so afflicted. Here, then, is a question for humanity to cope with. Here is a noble work for our legislators. In the interest of all—fathers, sons, wives, mothers, and the unborn children—let us try to rid the community of a pest, the toleration of which to-day is acknowledged by science to be nothing else than a social scandal.

The Mad Englishman

By Norman Douglas

I HAVE been learning about the Ass Wouralia; likewise about the Rumpless Fowl and its absurd objection to laying fertile eggs; about the Vulture's Nose and Apple Trees and Cannibalism and Dry Rot; about Tight Shoes, Tight Stays, and Tight Cravats. In other words—needless to say—I have been reading Waterton's Essays on Natural History.

Or rather, re-reading them. For a close inspection of the dusty volumes has revealed an inscription to the effect that they were purchased by myself in the summer of 1882; and the pages, furthermore, are enriched—encrusted, one might say—with holograph annotations of that year, setting forth very candidly my opinions of the author and his work. It has given me mixed feelings to peruse this running commentary, testifying, as it does, to a dreadfully deficient sense of humanity, to considerable taste for natural history coupled with a certain elvish facetiousness which may well have passed, in those unregenerate days, for humour. How odd they are—these glimpses into one's own vanished self!

Of course, we all know Waterton's "Wanderings"—that astounding book wherein, by the help of copious tags from Horace and Cervantes, the *courteous reader* is beguiled from his comfortable fireside into the wilds of Guiana, there to undergo nerve-shattering encounters with Labarri snakes and other improbable monsters, to devour dimpled monkey-babies and ride on crocodiles. Let me at once say that I firmly believe this cayman business. If David Livingstone or the anonymous author of the Book of Job told me they had performed such a feat, I should acquiesce—out of sheer politeness. In Waterton's case I acquiesce from conviction. Nobody, you will say, has ever ridden on a cayman. Exactly! Nobody but Waterton would ever have dreamt of doing any of the things that

he did. Nobody, for example, would dream of riding on a crocodile. That settles it. Waterton rode on a crocodile.

One would think that a naturalist penetrates into these tropical jungles in order to study their wonderful life or to collect birds and insects. But such is not his style: not a bit of it. He goes there to find the Wourali poison, being convinced—for some cryptic reasons which I despair of elucidating—that it might prove a cure for hydrophobia. And why should a non-professional trouble his head about the treatment of hydrophobia? Ah, that is Waterton's secret and his charm! Why, indeed—why any of the funny things he did?

It is a pity that we possess no photographs of this prince of eccentrics. He could not be taken in any position save from the rear—a rather inadequate method of portraiture; the bust of him, fashioned in old age, strikes me as chill and unsympathetic, but the frontispiece to the third volume of the Essays may give some idea of his whimsical and kindly nature. Not that he could not fight. He fought his zoological contemporaries and enjoyed many a lusty bout with Audubon and "Master Swainson" and Macgillivray; he fought the Treasury, he fought his neighbours. He fought, above all things, that Protestantism which had despoiled his grandfathers of their worldly goods in the days of "Saint Harry the Eighth, our Royal Goat." While praying for unbelievers—

> "I pray for those who now have got
> A creed infected with the rot,
> And wickedly have set at nought
> That which our ancestors had taught. . . .
>
> Again, for those I often pray,
> Who tread in Luther's crooked way;
> Or Calvin trust, or seek salvation
> In Mrs. Southcote's proclamation—

he invented, simultaneously, a truly Watertonian device for giving vent to his bellicose feelings by projecting all Lutheran misdeeds, past, present, and to come, into the *corpus vile* of an insignificant quadruped—to wit, the "Hanoverian" rat. This miserable rodent, because it was presumably introduced by "Dutch William," became for him the embodiment of non-Catholic propensities and was persecuted with the ardour of a Torquemada.

For the rest, he was a man of peace; an autochthonous gentleman of the north country—the finest flower of generations of crusted, fox-hunting Tories. A man of great merits, too; a pioneer of taxidermy, an indefatigable and veracious observer in the field, and one of the first to insist upon the need of protecting many of our useful birds. But, chiefest of all, a perambulating repository of fads and perversities.

Those Essays of his are a kind of intellectual backwater. They seem to have been written on another planet. And yet, somehow or other, they are intensely human; so unsystematic—so very, very English in their glorious irrelevancies. He ambles through a hundred pages of a "History of the Monkey Family"—stranger history was never written; discourses amiably of this and that; argues whether monkeys throw missiles or not; relates his friendship with a caged lady-chimpanzee and how, on departing, he implanted a soft kiss on her maidenly cheek; and concludes with the startling proposition that monkeys are arboreal animals. He can be as pompously platitudinous as you like:

"Inhabitants of Scarbro'!—I love to pass my leisure hours amongst you. May you ever smile and ever prosper. But, observe! although old Ocean rolls his favours on you, your Mother Earth has not been quite so bountiful: for you cannot boast a river. . . .

"Who can look without rapture on the beautiful proportions of the horse? His mane hanging down a well-formed neck seems a counterbalance to his long, flowing tail as he moves along; and we are all of us aware of what amazing advantage this last-mentioned appendage is to this noble beast, when a host of flies are ready to devour him. . . ."

But though all these Essays are saturated with the author's rich idiosyncrasies, the most poignant revelation of his incongruous nature is that autobiography which runs alongside. There is a smack of the Grand Tours lingering in this record of a leisurely progress through the regions of continental Europe; a smack, too, of a decidedly queer outlook upon things in general:

"At Rimini, now celebrated for its miraculous picture of the blessed Virgin, we could see the larger and smaller species of bats, on wing, as the night set in. Here, again, large turkeys and common fowls were most numerous. . . .

Fleas were vigorously skipping about, but we neither saw nor felt a bug."

One can imagine the impression created by such a man at a civilised foreign town like Aachen. He never drank wine or beer; he never slept in a bed; he never wore a hat or boots; he spoke and dressed oddly; he got up every morning at 3.30 and spent his time dissecting crayfish or anything else that came handy. What must the hotel servants and visitors have thought of him?

I know perfectly well what they thought.

Der verrückte Engländer!

He is, he must be, the prototype of that "mad Englishman" whose tradition still survives here and there. Only think what he did in Rome. To begin with, the road happening to be frozen and in bad repair, he arrived at the Eternal City with his feet in such a condition that he was laid up for two months on a sofa (he was always doing foolish things with his bare feet, and always suffering for them). Hardly is he well again, than he climbs up the angel that surmounts the castle of Sant' Angelo and takes his stand, on one foot, on its head—a position that would have made any self-respecting chamois sea-sick. All Rome rings with the exploit: even the Pope becomes interested in the adventurous son of Albion. Now Waterton, a devout Catholic, would dearly have liked an audience of His Holiness, and the thing might have been managed if—if the Squire could have been induced to don some English (Protestant) uniform for the occasion. But no: the Hanoverian rat! *

To console himself, he watches the pig-killing operations at the slaughter-house, compiles a careful catalogue of the birds that are exposed for sale in the market, haggles with small boys about rock thrushes' eggs, and spends fabulous sums in the purchase of sham masterpieces of art. At last all is ready for departure: eighty birds have been preserved, as well as a porcupine, a badger, some shellfish and a dozen land tortoises.

He departs; but not alone. With him go, in a roomy

* And as to wearing the ceremonious evening black clothes, it was utterly out of the question, since he detested that colour. He rested his head at night, by the way, on a hollowed block of wood, his cheek reposing on the outward soles of his shoes, "which were furnished with a profusion of strong nails"; this proves (among other things) that he did not always go barefoot.

cage, a dozen living owls. And thereby hangs a tale. For these owls, squeezed through the Genoa customs-house by hook or by crook, suffer a serious mishap on reaching Aachen. The fact is, their plumage had become soiled from the long journey, even as Waterton himself was somewhat inconvenienced by its effects—somewhat dirty, to put it bluntly. Warm water is plainly desirable, and it stands to reason that what is good for the Squire is also good for the owls. Waterton orders a hot bath for himself, and another one for the owls. "Five of them," he records, "died of cold the same night."

I would give my ears to see the procession winding up the drive of Walton Hall after one of these Continental raids and pilgrimages. Even on ordinary occasions the domain must have been a sight for the gods. For if the Squire as a human being was full of the most irresponsible fancies, here the whole region oozed eccentricity. Freaks stared you in the face. The park contained an agglomeration of weird contrivances for catching this and killing that; the mansion, beginning at the very door-knocker, was a nightmare of monstrosities and playfully-ghoulish surprises. Your head swam; you were bewildered, dazed by freaks.

And the arch-freak was the owner himself.

Gilbert White, no doubt, was his intellectual ancestor. But White had an industry and full-blooded zeal which the other lacked; he was discriminating, purposeful, constructive; altogether, a luminous creature and of relatively modern texture. Waterton is more readable than naturalists like Jesse on account of his all-pervading personal note; but, taken all round, he remains chiefly conspicuous for his negative qualities, for his splendid limitations. He had no spacious view of life—no view at all, save through a certain narrow telescope that restricted the field of vision, intensifying one tract at the expense of another. What the world presented to his eyes was an assemblage of disconnected facts which it was his business not to explain but to record. Tobacco-smoking is a beastly habit; to wear an amulet against sudden death is an excellent idea; man does not kill his fellows,

because there is a law written in his heart forbidding him to do so—and the wigeon eats grass. Such is "Dame Nature's" command. She knows what is good for everything and everybody; and if she sometimes makes a mistake or exceeds her *mandate*—why, there is always God overhead to put things to rights again.

So he lived, this mellow country gentleman: at once a warning and an exemplar, like the rest of us. He had a bird-like habit of pecking at all sorts of mental pabulum, and allowing it to pass out of his system half-digested. His worldly experiences never resolved themselves into a truthful whole, for Stonyhurst, if it fortified his moral sense, had warped and atrophied his mind, rendering him permanently unsynthetic—fragmentary in every point save one: in his crankiness. In that he was superb. If a man took thought for a lifetime he could never figure forth a more harmonious and lovable freak. As grotesque as that old fowl of Mauritius, he is nowadays, alas! almost as rare. For phœnixes are all very well, but we do need an occasional dodo to diversify the landscape.

Darwin may quote from the original and accurate observations of the Yorkshire squire, but what does Waterton care for the portentous movement of his later life—what, indeed, does he know of any of those landmarks, like Homer or Dante or Goethe? He had been fed on orthodox pap, on Virgil, Dryden, and other safe writers; and it is a suggestive commentary on our social state that this mighty personage, the twenty-seventh Lord of Walton, should be disqualified by his creed from attaining that elementary perspective of mundane affairs which was at the disposal of the poorest peasant-boy on his estate. To chronicle the matrimonial irregularities of the barnacle gander; to rush with furious growls from under the hall-table at his unsuspecting visitors' legs, pretending (at the age of 80) to be the house-dog; then serve them up a dish of carrion crows and chuckle inwardly at their mistaking them for pigeons—these were his aims and diversions.

It was one of his jocular habits to give names to the more prominent animals and trees in his park. Among the birds there was a malformed wild duck, deprived of the web between its toes, which Waterton had received as a gift "in an ecstasy of delight"—seeing that everything in

the nature of a "sport" struck a chord of elective affinity and warmed the cockles of his heart. This bird was forthwith christened "Doctor Hobson."

Its human original, a physician of Leeds, was himself something of an ornithologist, who became acquainted with Waterton during the latter part of his life, and took charge of his health—as best he could. In after years he wrote an account of the "Home, Habits and Handicraft" of his friend which is truly refreshing—a kind of spiritual shower-bath—in these strenuous days of sex-problems. Doctor Hobson venerated the Squire and all his little failings; he assimilated his curiously tangled and wayward style of writing; he entered into the very bones of his hero. And not all of us, be it noted, are heroes to our medical advisers. This biography is a fine monument of friendship; even as the friendship itself says much for the characters of both of them, since Waterton's peculiarities might well have repelled other men of science. I suspect that the unswerving uprightness of the Squire won the doctor's affection; that little incident at Leeds, too, when Waterton, with incredible nerve and steadiness of hand, removed twenty-eight rattlesnakes from one box into another, may well have impressed a medicine-man, conscious of the ever-present risk of death.

Be that as it may, our naturalist has found a Boswell after his own heart; the enthusiastic reporter of all his anfractuosities and gentlemanly pranks; one who has given to the more intimate "Squire" that congenial and efficient interpretation which Sydney Smith gave to the public Waterton of the *Wanderings*. The table of contents alone of this remarkable book is a joy for ever. It contains items like this: *An Ox-Eye Titmouse builds her Nest in the Trunk of a Tree prepared for Owls, but declines occupying it in future years because a Squirrel had used it.* Or this: *Discriminating Courage of the Squire with an Ourang-Outang from Borneo, in the Zoological Gardens*—followed by: *The Ape Searching the Squire's head reminds him of a Cambridge anecdote.* Or take these stimulating entries: *An Allusion to a stench from a dead herring near the Grotto induces the Squire to relate an incident regarding dead letters. . . . Mr. Waterton faces a snowstorm without his Hat, and throws his Slippers over*

his head when approaching his eightieth year. . . . Mr. Waterton distressed because his Bahia toad was called an "Ugly Brute!"

The volume is full of stupendous things of this kind; it reproduces also some of the Squire's letters, which illustrate the childlike structure of his mind:

"I don't care who holds the helm of our crazy vessel, so long as 'Mummery John' does not get hold of it. You did not arrive according to promise. We hope to be more fortunate on Palm Sunday after you have requested your spiritual adviser to keep a blessed palm for you, when he delivers the sprigs to the assembled multitude from his altar. Stop, I ought to say table. Many thanks for your communication. I hope that you will pursue the investigation. It is somewhat singular that I have never yet found the large bone in the wings of water-fowl full of marrow. . . ." (Some charming letters are preserved in Dr. Norman Moore's edition of the *Essays*.)

There is another entry to this effect: *The Squire remonstrated with by the Author against too frequently "tapping the Claret."* This excessive "tapping the Claret"—bleeding himself—was one of the few traits of which the physician-biographer disapproved. Whatever happened to Waterton—whether he ate too much, or tumbled off a mule, or had an accident with his gun, or caught a chill:—out with the lancet! Even in his eightieth year he did not hesitate to bleed himself to the tune of twenty to twenty-four ounces at a time; he must have lost a barrelful of the precious liquid in the course of his long life. His horses were bled with the same recklessness; what was good for the Squire being good for them. In the jungle he tried to induce the vampire-bat to drain his blood; many a night, he says, "have I slept with my foot out of the hammock to tempt this winged surgeon"—in vain! He was dry as a stick, and the sagacious vespertilian sought its dinner elsewhere.

And of course his ultra-Catholic tendencies were not quite to the taste of Hobson, who, however, deals gently with such infirmities, merely suggesting that he "had an inordinate amount of credulity in his composition." Indeed he had. Caught young in the unrelenting machinery of Stonyhurst, he was cut into its cleanest pattern, and

preserved throughout life its edges intact, its surface untarnished. He travelled expressly to the Tyrol to see an ecstatic female in a convent, and convinced himself of her divine state by feeling the stigma on one of her hands. Nothing in his whole life, he says, struck him so forcibly as the liquefaction, at Naples, of the mixture which he devoutly held to be the blood of Saint Januarius. He speaks with reverent awe of Benedict Labre—that half-witted vagabond, who never washed or took off his clothes, and was covered from head to foot with vermin which he refused to exterminate. And although a belief in the miraculous transportation of the House of the Blessed Virgin is optional to his co-religionists, yet he writes that there are authentic proofs of the aerial voyage of this mansion over lands and seas, and that, for his part, he believes in the miracle.

Doctor Hobson's chief concern was to mitigate the severity of those periodical fastings which the Squire's stern Catholicism imposed upon him. As for the House of Loreto and the like—he had too much tolerance to disquiet himself about such discrepancies. Birds are birds and men are men; all of them liable to variations, and all these variations ordained for dark providential reasons. A sparrow hops and a wagtail runs: shall all human beings think and behave alike? And if inclined, at times, to regret his friend's "ardent attachment to the priests," he amply compensated himself by praising his sincere love of nature, his rectitude and guileless purity of heart and—last, but not least—those flexible lower extremities which enabled him, as a hoary patriarch, to scratch the back part of his head with the big toe of his right foot, or to clamber aloft, with the agility of an adolescent gorilla, into the breezy summit of an oak.

And here we may leave this *par nobile fratrum:*—Æsculapius on earth, fondly admiring—but prudent; his ever-youthful octogenarian comrade in the verdurous foliage overhead, reading Ovid's Metamorphoses and glancing occasionally through a spy-glass to see if peradventure the Rumpless Fowl, that preposterous and unmatronly bird, had at last thought fit to hatch her own offspring in accordance with Dame Nature's self-evident decree.

The Sexes Again

By C. Gasquoine Hartley
(*Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan*)

ANYONE who has witnessed the last spurt of an out-paced runner, beaten within sight of the winning post, has a fair example of the change now taking place in the attitudes of men and women towards marriage, and in their views and practice in sexual matters. A transformation of thought, for which the term "revolution" is not too strong, is going on around us. Desires are being voiced which afford the surest sign of the necessity for reform. There are conditions of change that have to be met. This must be. There can be no life without movement. And the dark depths of tradition and prejudice in sex are not readily swept clean.

This is what is happening to-day.

There is a deep-lying dissatisfaction with the ignominious conditions of our amatory life. The conflict, broadly speaking, lies in this, that sentiment, aided by property consideration, has so far preserved the Christian idea as to the sin of the sexual relationship except in marriage, while yet the conditions making marriage more and more difficult prevent the acceptance in practice of an asceticism upheld by dogma. It is not pleasant to find oneself out as a moral hypocrite. Our every idea of sex has become tainted with this secret knowledge of our own falseness. We can hardly speak of the subject without an apology. We are afraid others may find out what we know about ourselves. Thus we have made love into a thing to be denied and of which we are ashamed. The web of hypocrisy that has been woven by men and guarded by women around this question of our sexual conduct beggars all description.

But this system of lies is being broken down. Traditional morality is giving place to practical morality. We

are beginning to acknowledge the immense importance of sex in our lives. Let me say at once—I think this is because women are being allowed to speak some of the truths that for long they have known. Woman is more elemental than man; she is nearer to Nature, and for this reason her vision is clearer than his vision. She has a directness of emotion that makes her the instinctive moral anarchist, which almost always she is. I believe that women will go a step further towards freedom than men have dared to go.

It is, however, very necessary to understand what is meant by freedom. Women are beginning to feel that the world is made for them as much as the world is made for men. This is well and right. But to me this does not mean freedom to expend the strength of womanhood upon external things. If, as I believe, it is a part of woman's innermost nature to give of herself to man, then her regained place in that freer future, whose dawn even now is breaking, can be found only as woman—the bestower of Love and the source of Life.

It is because I believe this that I wish to see saner, more practical and more moral relations made possible between the two sexes.

Now, it is easy to say that this manifest concern with sexual questions arises from decadence. I do not believe it. To me it has always seemed that this growing demand for inquiry affords the surest hope for the future. Much is being thrown on to the scrap-heap. This is only done when there is need for it. Women, even more than men, have got to be concerned with sex and its problems, until some of its wrongs are righted. There are our children growing up, and we have to teach them the things we have learnt by the force of necessity. We want sex to be for them a saner, more natural, and more beautiful thing than has been possible for us.

The two articles in the July and August numbers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, treating of "Women and Morality" and "Men and Morals," and written, the one by "A Mother" and the other by "A Father," are notable instances of this attempt to readjust our conceptions of morality to the present conditions of life. THE ENGLISH REVIEW has already achieved much in its fearless interpretation of modern thought. I would like here to record my gratitude

to the writers of both these articles, and especially to "A Mother." The difficulties of writing upon these questions can only be appreciated by those who have tried to do it. Not only is there prejudice to encounter, which on no question is so obstinate as on this of sex, but we have to deal with so many different facts—threads that are crossed and entangled, and at best can be patched only roughly together. Thus a statement that seems true in connection with one set of facts may easily be turned to foolishness when approached from another view-point, equally right. An even greater difficulty arises from the want of frankness in our thoughts. The sex-needs are almost always dealt with as though they stood apart and lay out of line with any other need or faculty of our bodies. This is, in part, due to the secrecy which has kept sex as something mysterious. We have most of us been trained from our childhood into indecent secretiveness. There is as well a deeper reason, and it will be a long time before we can change it. Sex is so powerful in most of us, and occupies really so large a part of our attention, that we are afraid of ourselves, and this reacts in fear of any open acknowledgment of our sex-needs.

It is necessary to face very frankly this tremendous force of the sex-passion, for the most part veiled in discussion. Next to hunger this is the most imperative of our needs; and, indeed, to-day sex enters more into conscious thought than hunger. For the hunger-needs of most of us are satisfied, while the sex-needs are thwarted and restrained in all kinds of ways, and thus insist themselves the more insistently in our thoughts. Herein is the explanation of why so much of our speech about sex is so thoroughly indecent.

Now, it is the acceptance of the imperative driving of sex-hunger and the frank recognition of the impossibility of celibacy for the majority of men that makes so noteworthy the article by "A Mother." She has been fearless enough to speak of facts that most men and many women know to be true. Within its limits, it is the most truthful utterance upon the subject that I have met. I am glad it was written by a woman.

It is true the problem of sexual abstinence of which it treats is approached from one side only—the man's side.

And for this reason it fails, and, of necessity, comes to foolishness when the difficult task is attempted of finding a way out from the terrible conditions which are shown to exist under our worn-out moral code. "A new conception of morality" is, indeed, called for; but we have to be clear as to what it is to be, and where it is to take us. Under existing social conditions the remedies suggested by "A Mother" to meet the sexual needs of men unable to marry must entail the sacrifice of the woman. For what does this really mean? There can be no glossing by sentiment here. It is the old solution: the maintenance of the chastity of one class of women by the ostracism and degradation of the remainder. Women cannot accept this now they have come to understand these things. Such sacrifice has never in the past, and can never in the future, bring good to the men who profit by it. It will not serve to talk of raising these women who give their love without the security of marriage, unless we first find out a way in which this is to be done. The problems of sex demand something more than emotional treatment; they require the most careful consideration of many different sets of facts, that often rise up in what seem to be direct opposition. It is an essential fact of sexual morality, as I conceive it, that in any relation between the two sexes—I care not whether the association be legal or illegal—the position of the woman as the mother must be made secure. This is a social duty, not a private matter. As such it has always been accepted by any wise State: it is the disgrace of our industrial civilisation that too often it has been forgotten or ignored.

Woman possesses a sacred right of self-protection in love. It is a duty imposed upon her; she is the agent of Nature. It is she, not man, who is the guardian of the race. Man is her agent in the sex-act, not she his. I am very clear in my mind that many of the problems we have to meet have arisen because women have been obliged, or content, to forget this truth.

Almost necessarily when one begins an inquiry into sex questions one's opinions are biassed by temperament and personal experience. We are dealing with forces in which the individual element cannot be set aside. There are many women, and some men, who do not realise at all the immense complications of sex, or understand the claim that passion

makes on some natures. It is foolishness here to talk of continence. Sexual abstinence is possible without great effort for some people: I am certain it is not possible for all.

It was the knowledge of the terrible sufferings of her son, severed from all companionship with women, doomed to celibacy, that compelled "A Mother" to write so that she might bring these things to the notice of other women. We hear the mother crying out over the waste of her son. This explains the passion and fine sincerity of her utterance. It accounts, too, for the over-statements. It is not true, for instance, that England is the only country in which any real sex-problem exists. I could prove this from Spain, a land that I know well: the sex-problems there are different, but they are there. But this lies outside the question. We may take it, however, that sex-problems are as old as mankind; we may, indeed, trace them back further; they exist among our pre-human ancestors. Each race has had to solve them, it is certain that in some form the races of the future will still have to solve them.

There is another over-statement of much greater importance to which I must refer. It is not true that *practically every man who is not married is living an immoral life*. There are natural celibates, even among men. But putting these aside, many men remain chaste until marriage, and also after marriage, when unable for any reason to live sexually with their wives, which is a much more difficult thing. Doubtless in many cases the reason for such chastity is to be sought in poverty, in the difficulty of obtaining love, in terror of contracting disease from the prostitute, and even more often, in "the fear of being found out." There are very many men who are moral, because they are too great cowards to be immoral. Respectability is the real moral safe-guard of the Anglo-Saxons. But there are other men, who, owing to their training and attitude towards women, remain chaste until they marry, as the only possible thing to do. Many of these men suffer much, when marriage is delayed, but it would be unthinkable to them to use a woman for their pleasure. Yet another type of man—and I believe the number of these men to be increasing—refrain from seeking any outlet for mere physical desires from what I only know how to describe as "a finer sexual fastidiousness" than is

common. I do not think these men are specially moral. The psychic element in love is strong in them, which makes the sex-act physically impossible except when the imagination is satisfied. I have known men of this type personally; they have not married young, they have waited for the woman they could love, not for any accepted idea of morality, but for the reason I have tried to explain. As I write this my thoughts turn to one man, who is a Spaniard. He loved a woman for ten years, but could not marry, as he was the eldest son of his mother, and she, having been deserted by her husband, he had to support her. In Spain illicit love is very easy, but my friend wanted *one woman*, not just woman. He has recently married. He wrote to me: "You who know how long I have waited and how hard it has often been, will understand how happy I am. I am very glad that my wife is the only sweetheart I have had." I may, perhaps, give another case. This man, an Englishman, did not marry until he was forty, and remained chaste at the cost of much mental and physical suffering. Once he went to a prostitute. He was not driven to do this by passion; he did it deliberately, for he had not met a woman he could love, and he felt that until the sex-act had been experienced one great factor in life was closed to him. But he found it impossible; his fastidiousness prevented him, and he came away with a disgust of himself that lasted for long.

It has seemed to me worth while to record these two cases. It is so commonly taken for granted that passion in men is quite different from passion in women. I am sure in many cases this is not true. It is very necessary to break down the idea that for the impulses of sex, with their immense complications and differences, there is one general rule for either of the two sexes. In every case the element of personal idiosyncrasy must be taken into account, and, for this reason, perhaps, the most profitable discussion of sex questions is through the individual. Nor is it possible, I am sure, to make any arbitrary judgments. To me the man who is able to live a celibate life is not necessarily better than the man who is not. I may prefer one type of man, I may dislike the other, but this also is a matter of my personal idiosyncrasy. The old Puritan shrieks of blame are possible only to the ignorant.

Neither am I for a moment wishful to advocate the long waiting for marriage, which economic and other causes have forced upon society. It is a great evil which almost always wastes the energies of life. Compulsory sexual abstinence may not be confused with chastity. We must be very clear in our thought about this. We can never establish an ideal of true chastity until we have rooted out of our moral code the necessity for all the unnatural and empty forms of chastity.

To-day there is a waste of manhood through enforced celibacy which is intolerable. It is not necessary for men to go to countries where there are no white women to be faced with the problem of how to obtain love. There are any number of these men, both the unmarried and the married, who are ill-mated, everywhere in England. I need not say more upon this question, which has been dealt with so forcibly by "A Mother." I would, however, add my opinion to hers of the foolishness of women preaching to men the old doctrine of Puritanical restrictions. You can't alter these things by setting up new barriers of "thou shalt not," any more than you can dam the Gulf Stream. You see it comes to this: a moral code that has failed, as I think, so hopelessly for women, can never be forced upon men. For one thing, men will not accept it, even if women, in mistaken missionary zeal, try this plan.

So far I have dealt only with the problem of sexual abstinence as it affects men. To leave the matter here would show a strange blindness. It is on this question of the sex-needs of women that I find myself in direct opposition to "A Mother." Celibacy is unnatural and harmful in man; it is at least equally unnatural and harmful in woman. This is not "the essential difference between the two sexes." I think that "A Mother," as the wife of a schoolmaster and mother of sons, has had her attention fixed on the sexual life of boys and men. Now, I for many years was the head-mistress of a school for girls. I had the opportunity of watching their development through the difficult years of adolescence and their growth into womanhood. If I had space, I could tell you of many things I learnt then. The sexual troubles of which "A Mother" writes are not confined to boys.

There is no greater lie than the so often reiterated

assumption that "woman is naturally and organically frigid."* It is a lie that will take a real revolution in our moral ideas to uproot.

We must remember, however, that this view of woman's coldness in love is of comparatively modern growth. The wise laws of Manu, for instance, recognise and provide for the strength of passion in woman. In the Greek legends we find woman, as a rule, taking the initiative in love. There is an Arabic saying which signifies: "The longing need of woman for man is greater than that of man for woman." It would be easy to multiply examples from the wisdom of these older and wiser nations, when men had not lost their understanding of the nature of woman and thus robbed her of her right to love man.

It is in the ascetic ideal which arose in the mediæval period in Europe that we must seek for the origin of our present hateful unbelief in woman's womanhood. Woman, as the symbol of sex, began to be feared and reviled, and from this it followed that the idea of sin in desire, if present in woman, arose and became fixed, first in the minds of men, and afterwards was accepted by women, as they have accepted so many lies about themselves. And from this came inevitably a struggle in woman's nature, causing in time a reversal in her attitude towards love; and to-day we are reaping the fruits of this mistake. For when men ceased to ask for what women wanted to give, yet another consequence followed—and one that has brought, as I believe, tragedy to woman herself and bitter sorrow and suffering to man—for woman began to want to get from man for herself and not to give to him. Yes, it is from this grave, dug in fear of sex by men, that the dead spirit of woman's sacred right to love must be brought out, and given life again by men in a new, clean faith in sex.†

And if we turn now to the practical application of this to the problem before us, the truth surely stands out more

* This frequently quoted statement was made by Lombroso and Ferrero, not by Krafft-Ebing, as is sometimes thought. It is significant that the women on the study of whose sexuality this judgment was founded were of the prostitute class. See *La Donna Delinquente*, &c., pp. 54–56.

† I would refer the reader to the fine and impartial examination into this difficult subject of woman's sexual nature by Havelock Ellis. *The Sexual Impulse in Women, Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Vol. III.

clearly. Women will not change until men change and give them their freedom. Appeals made to them of men's need for their love will not move them. Most people, and women now as well as men, want something when they give. No, if men really desire to gain love, they must go the other way about. They must teach woman that *she wants love for herself*, then she will be once more "the giver." But until this is done men will be compelled to buy love, both in marriage and in other sexual partnerships, and with prostitutes.

The doctrine of chastity being the natural and special virtue of women is entirely false. Complete abstinence of love cannot be borne by women through a long period of years without producing serious results on the body and the mind. It is in the blighting effects of celibacy that we must seek the cause of the sterility of women's lives. There are innumerable evils, terrible disasters and waste of womanhood for which love and love's embrace would be the remedy. And we have allowed this web of falsehood so to blind us that women have to say even when they understand their needs: "Yes, there is a remedy; we may not take it. We must be chaste to remain virtuous."

Do I put this other side of the problem of celibacy—the woman's side—in a strong light? Yes, I do; but I put it faithfully, as I have come to know it from the facts I see daily around me.

It is hard to say how often women have put from them the temptation to gain experience of love at any price; no less hard is it to compute to what extent the transformation of this suppressed sexual instinct takes place and is expended in passion in other channels. We see it in a hundred cases to-day. In every instance where passion is called for woman tends by her nature to be carried further than man.

There is, of course, no exact measuring in these matters, but who among us can dare to say that the harm done by the deprivation of love is greater in the lives of men than of women? I doubt not it is the other way. We hear so much of the sex needs of men that we have become a little wearied. Let men be honest and change the social and economic conditions that make it impossible for women to give them love. We accept the sex needs of men as

right and natural; but who shall calculate the number of equally natural impulses that women have resisted?—resisted until the very instinct to love tends in time to become dulled and atrophied.

For I do not deny that sexual anæsthesia is present in many women to-day; what I do deny is that it is a natural condition, rather is it a symptom of those mistakes of our civilisation that have cheated women and men alike of life. I am willing to grant, too, that few women experience that obsessing longing of the man to grasp the woman of his desire, nor do they, as a rule, I think, suffer the same terrible physical depression that causes incapacity for control. I am not certain here: women are less open about these matters than men are, and one hesitates to judge other women by oneself. We are dealing with a question very difficult to solve. We may find some explanation in the fact that many passionate women have had to learn how the energy of the sexual impulse may be diverted into other activities. It is a lesson that possibly men will have to learn. Yet I do not know; the price women have had to pay has been heavy and results gained very poor; and does not this denial of love entail a waste to the race?—that is what really matters? It is very hard to know the truth.

Here, then, is the first question I would put to men who are suffering to-day from the sexual coldness of women. I would ask them—Have they taken sufficient trouble to understand, both on the physical and psychical side, the sexual nature of woman, which is much more complex than their own? The art of love is not understood by Western people. If we paid more attention to this subject, sexual partnerships, and in particular marriage, would be freed from one great cause that brings them to disaster. But we shall never do this until we have rooted out from our moral conscience the idea of "the body as the prison of the soul." I have often asked myself if this misconception is not the real cause of all sex trouble: our thought, our speech, our literature, our laws are saturated with this fear of sex as a thing unclean, and for this reason the conditions of love are made as difficult as possible. And it cannot be overlooked that this fear of sex is of very ancient origin, which

makes it the more difficult to eradicate. Indeed, the beginnings of the marriage system can be traced back to a primitive conception of danger attaching to the sexual act. We have, I believe, to allow for a primitive, and therefore strongly-rooted, antagonism between the two sexes. We see its unchecked action in many examples in the animal kingdom, though not in all—it is quite absent, for instance, in the perfect loves of many birds. We see it also continually among primitive people, in the elaborate and sacred system of taboo, which separates the two sexes. It is possible that the hidden basis of the male's feeling of superiority, which certainly does exist, is to be found in the fact that he is able to enforce his sexual desire without the fulfilment of the desire of the female, whereas she cannot gain her desire unless he gain his; we may, perhaps, trace back to this cause the idea of separation, and contrast, and of greater power that makes man feel himself the master of the woman. I think this is one of Nature's blunders, for, by her position as the giver in life, woman is really the responsible partner in every relationship between the sexes. It is only as we advance in refinement and in the knowledge of love that this antagonism of the male and female nature is overcome; for then the man only desires what the woman gives.

I have tried to show by what causes women have been turned away from their position as the bestowers of love. There are, however, another set of facts, which so far I have neglected—practical considerations that possibly may seem to many of even greater importance. These must now be considered.

I can anticipate a question as I take up the discussion from this point. Why, I shall be asked, if women's sex-needs are so imperative and so important, do women hold back? Why this cry from men of the difficulty of finding love? Why are so many men doomed to celibacy or driven to buy love?

The answer here is not far to seek.

Under present economic conditions and the prejudice of social opinion, the penalties that women have to pay for any sexual relationship outside of marriage is too heavy. This is manifest. Indeed, when we consider the difficulties faced in these unions, that so many women do take the risks

is another proof, if one were needed, of the elemental strength of the sex-impulse in women. But mark this: it is only the women whose social conscience is unawakened that can enter these irregular relationships until our moral code is changed. She may even be willing to take the risk for herself, but she knows that the payment may fall also on the child of her love. You may say—there need be no children. This is true; it makes the conditions of such love much easier. It is not, however, a solution, and can never be accepted as such by women. The woman who loves a man wants to be the mother of a child by him. I shall be told there are women of whom this is not true. I know this. We have degraded motherhood; little wonder that women are turning away from its joys. We talk a great deal about the honour and sanctity of motherhood—how do we treat the mother? Look at our sweated women-workers! Think of the unmarried mother, driven to the murder of her child, which she can only support by prostitution! Consider the iniquity of our bastardy laws! Not till these things are altered may we dare to say that we honour motherhood.

We come, then, to this: how can the way be made easier for women and through them also for men?

I believe if there were some open recognition of these partnerships outside of marriage, not necessarily permanent, with proper provision for the woman and her children, should there be any; a provision not dependent on the generosity of the man and made after the love which sanctioned the union had waned, but decided upon by the man and the woman in the form of a contract before the relationship was entered upon, there would be many women ready to undertake such unions gladly; there would even be some women, as well as men, who, I believe, would prefer them to the present marriage system, that binds them permanently to one partner for life. It is also possible that such contracts might be made by those who were unsuitably mated and yet did not wish entirely to sever the bond between them, with some other partner they could love. Such contracts would open up possibilities of happy partnerships to many who are suffering from enforced sexual abstinence. In this way a solution might be found for the conditions brought before us by "A Mother." At least, I can see no other possible remedy. Moreover, prostitution would be greatly

lessened, though I do not think this social evil would cease. There will always be for a very long time men and women who will be attracted to wild-love. This we have to recognise. Men would not, however, be driven to buy sexual relief. Women will not hold back from giving love to the men who need them, when once the conditions are made possible for them to do this. I spoke just now of the sacrifice of women to men. But in love there is no such thing as sacrifice for a woman; there is the joy of giving. The sacrifice arises out of the conditions of concealment and shame under which the duties and joys of love have had to be fulfilled.

It would, of course, be easy to raise objections against these contract-partnerships, some of which might well prove true. It may be said, for instance, that the economic difficulties that now prevent marriage would not be lessened, but increased, by these extra-conjugal relationships. This is a question on which so much ought to be said, that I feel compelled to say almost nothing, as I cannot now treat it adequately. I can only say that I have in my mind some scheme of insurance, which might easily be contributed to by both partners of the contract, but which would go to the woman for her own provision and that of any children of the union, in the case of a separation. If this once became established as a custom, necessary between all entering into such partnerships, the practice would gain the support of public opinion. It would then be possible to take another step in the form of State endowment for parenthood; this would only be an extension of endowment for motherhood. And by doing this would follow another and, perhaps. even greater gain. The recognition of these contract-partnerships would prevent the ostracism which at present falls on the discarded mistress. There are many women who dread this much more than poverty. A woman is hounded out of decent life, if the facts of her history become known; marriage is closed to her; too often she is driven on to the streets to provide for her children. Is there any wonder, I ask, that women do not give love to men?

We have got to recognise that our form of marriage cannot meet the sex-needs of all people. To assert that it can do this is as absurd as to say that one form of diet can meet the hunger-needs of all people.

The extending of the opportunities of honourable love must be faced before we can hope for more moral conditions of life. It is the results that have almost always followed these irregular unions that have branded them as anti-social acts. But the desertion of women, which has arisen from the conditions of secrecy under which they now exist, would be put an end to. One reason why extra-conjugal relationships are discredited is because the difficulties placed around them are so numerous that, as a rule, only the weak, the foolish, and the irresponsible undertake these partnerships.

This will, I believe, be changed. Women are awakening already to the hideous evils of our social conditions; the rest will come. Countless women are suffering from having no occupation. Their energies of body and mind have been clogged. They have been like bodies with choked pores and their blood has been poisoned. "A Father," in his article, *Men and Morality*, touches upon this question with a firmer hand than "A Mother," when he points to "the serried legion of young ladies, listlessly gaping into shop windows in Oxford Street or Kensington," as the other half of the phenomenon of the sex-hunger driven men. Little wonder that women have risen in revolt. It is in the freeing of women that the remedy for these conditions must be sought. At present women's attention is occupied with regaining the position of influence that centuries of industrialism has robbed from them. But this is not the end: it is only the beginning. There will be no need for women then to seek about for careers, for they will know what they want.

I believe it will be men, rather than women, who, in fear, will hold back from any open acknowledgment of irregular love. For the freedom of women to love them will entail the freeing of their women to love other men. Woman must cease to be "a property." This will be a very difficult thing for most men.

I have sought to put these matters as plainly as may be in the conviction that nothing can be gained by concealment. Anyone who writes upon the subject of marriage reform is very open to misconceptions. It is not realised that the effort of the reformer is not to lessen at all the bonds between the sexes, rather the desire is to strengthen

them; but the form of the bonds will have to be made wider, if they are to meet the sex-needs of women and men. We shall have more morality in too much wideness than in too little. I have stated elsewhere my own belief in monogamic marriage.* The ideal of permanent marriage between one man and one woman for the life of both must persist as an ideal never to be lost. But I do disavow the sanctity of a marriage form that cannot exist without the support of prostitution and clandestine loves. Squalid intrigues have been the shadow of the old, narrow moral code. The contract partnerships I have suggested will do nothing to change the sanctity of any true marriages. There will always remain a penalty to those who seek variety in love, in that unrest which is the other side of variety. And the answer I would give to those who fear an increase of immorality from any provision for sexual partnerships outside of permanent marriage is, that no deliberate change in our sexual conduct can conceivably make moral conditions worse than they are at present. As a matter of fact, every form of irregular union exists to-day, but shamefully and hidden. The only logical objection that I can think of being advanced against an honourable recognition of these partnerships is that, by doing away with all necessity for concealments, the number of these unions would be increased. This is undoubtedly true; it is also true that it is the only possible way in which they can cease to be shameful. Prohibitions and laws, however stringent, can do nothing. The past has proved their failure; they will fail in the present.

Nor is the change really so great or so startling as at first it may appear to be. Our marriage in its present form is primarily an arrangement for the protection of the family. Now, what I want is that some measure, at least, of the provision now given to the wife should also be afforded to all women who fulfil the same duties. There, then, would be no necessity for such patch-up laws as the legitimating of illegitimate children. That any child should be branded as illegitimate is, in itself, witness to the inadequacy of our moral code.

No one can suppose, of course, that these changes can be otherwise than gradual. There will be no stage at which a large section of society will give up the accepted customs,

* In *The Truth About Woman.*

and stand perplexed as to how they shall readjust their sexual conduct. The process of change will be in the future, what has always happened in the past, the slow abandonment of worn-out forms of sex relationships, and a trial of the new, first by a few, to be followed by an ever-increasing number. When the need of a change arises, then does a change come, and a step is taken forward. There will always be those who passionately seek to hold fast to the past—and it is well. They are a necessary check to the action of those who passionately go on, driven forward, either by hope or by despair.

Socialism and Social Sense

By the Editor

THE death of Bebel, leader of German Socialism and the greatest orator in Europe, brings to a close the era of fighting-class Marxianism inaugurated by the Socialist Law of Bismarck, as the result of the two attempts on the life of the Emperor William I. in 1878. That Law, which became a mere instrument for police repression and reprisals, turned out to be, as Bebel said, "the Socialists' Eldorado." From a heterogeneous movement of a few theorists, Socialism became from that day a highly-organised, highly-officered class movement, absolutely loyal, secret and determined: fanatical, unconquerable. It ended in the Socialistic legislation of modern Germany, which we have begun to adopt in our insurance laws, and in the formulation of the German Socialist Erfurt programme which still obtains; from which time the rise of Parliamentary Socialism in Germany has been the most remarkable political phenomenon of modern times.

Bebel is now dead. Liebknecht had already gone. The two great captains, Auer and Singer, are also dead. There is no one with their power and authority to succeed them. Bernstein survives, the man who, nine years ago, was denounced as the "revisionist traitor"; in a word, Socialism, which is now accepted both as a philosophy and a political movement, has at last begun to shake off many of the burs of doctrine and class hatred attaching to it; a new era in the whole democratic class movement has dawned.

Still the only "scientific" Socialism before the world is the creed of Karl Marx, who constructed his edifice on the "Surplus Value" theory and the materialistic idea of history: the doctrine, that is, of economic power as a more potent force in historical evolution than political and ethical agency, thereby provoking a class struggle between labour

and capital, rulers and the ruled—all other influences being incidental to this, their fundamental economic structure which he called the *oberbau.* As the *bourgeoisie* destroyed Feudalism, so in the capitalist social era would the proletariat destroy the social order built up by the *bourgeoisie*, *i.e.*, on the possession of private property, as the result of anarchic economic crises, unsystematic and over-production, leading eventually but necessarily to a revolutionary change in the social order—the expropriation of property and the centralisation of the means of production in the hands of Society which would become essentially communistic. Class divisions and the political character of the State would then dissolve into the associated society, in which the free development of the individual is the *a priori* condition to the free development of the whole.

Negatively, Marx postulates the abolition of the existing ways and means of private production and the acquirement of private property: positively, communism and collectivism; or the socialisation of the means of production on a democratic basis, that is, the transformation of the instruments of labour into the common property of Society and the co-operative control of the total labour in the interests of Society—the products of labour being applied to the common good with fair distribution of the same. And as the means towards the "end"—the emancipation of the masses—Marx conceived class international warfare, which is the root principle of his whole doctrine—its economic, ethical, and political instrument, its historical justification, by, and upon which, it stands or falls. And it is from this that Socialism derives its speculative right of revolution, as understood on the Continent. Thus both in the "end" and in the means towards the end "scientific" Socialism is a "dynamic economic necessity," revolutionary, and, as such, essentially a political movement.

Of all this much has grown grey. In the place of Marx's "scientific fatalism" opportunism has come. The "surplus value" theory has gone the way of Lassalle's "iron laws of wages." The famous cataclysm doctrine—that the intensification of misery and capitalistic anarchy would end necessarily in the "negation of the negation" is

now admitted to be a "hocus-pocus." "Good" Socialists concede the falsity of Marx's explanation of capital as the "mere accumulation of unpaid labour, or expropriation." The celebrated end or *Telos* is now merged completely in the movement which may be defined as the movement for uniting labour and capital through the principle of association, or, as Bernstein called it, *Genossenschaftlichkeit*. Instead of the evolutionary revolutionism of Auguste Blanqui, most Socialists are to-day quite content to be revolutionary evolutionists, and even to recognise some virtue in individualism, as opposed to the rigid economic law of Marxian dynamics.

Before he died, Bebel himself signed on to German nationalism, to the flag, to colonisation, squinted at "general strikes," and fell more and more in line with the French Socialistic movement, which associated itself long ago definitely with the Trade Unions, out of which fusion there has developed the more recent policy of Syndicalism. Both in France, where Socialism is a great power in politics, owing to the governmental system prevailing, but has very little social power, and in Germany, where Socialism is essentially a social and only potentially a political force, the trend of both parties has long been identical; and we find parliamentary Socialism in both countries seeking to rebuild the movement on a purified basis; in a word, to reintroduce the ethical and individual purpose into the scheme in harmony with the exigencies of the times and the realities of things, from which theoretic Socialism had caused it to drift widely apart.

With us—as usual, we do things in our own way—precisely the contrary is the case. Oblivious to the Marxian thesis that economics can never be a force unless they are political, we began at the other end, so that, whereas Continental Socialism is going over more and more to the Unions, in England the Unions are leaning towards Socialism. For all that, we have, as yet, only got the economic side, the idea, the ideal of the thing; the political side, which is the movement—class conspiracy, class agitation, class organisation—is still, for all practical purposes,

non-existent. The reasons, of course, are obvious, and they are both social and psychological. First, there is what may be defined as the democratic spirit, which, as De Tocqueville said, is antagonistic to class Socialism, in that Socialism aims at making man the agent of the State, whereas Democracy is the highest expression of individualism. Snobbery remains the greatest force in our social life. With us, too, Democracy is still so intricately blended and identified with Feudalism and custom, as exemplified by the allegiance to the Sovereign, to the aristocracy, to tradition, custom, privilege, and conservatism natural in an island people, that the rise of a class spirit in our political life must be of extremely slow and laborious growth, which, as it is antagonistic to the entire notion of English life and in the absence of class oppression, would seem neither likely nor realisable. As Democracy is the expression of self-help, so is its spirit in every respect antagonistic to the mass organisation, discipline, and obedience of the class Socialism of the Continent, where the proletarian legions constitute a class army under the strictest disciplinarian control.

As it is, the Socialism that we have is purely academic. Labour, as a Parliamentary force, has come and—etiolated into the rather rebellious annexe of constructive Liberalism. Not a great man has appeared in their ranks. Mr. Keir Hardie tried to make a stir on behalf of the natives of India, as if there were no social or economic problems to ventilate at home. Owing to the fierce jealousy, pride, snobbery, and social feeling existing among British workmen, theory is repugnant to them. The masses who refuse national service are not the men to constitute themselves into a class economic army subject to even stricter regulations and discipline. Moreover, our whole system of education is against it. Much of the support and brains of Continental Socialism comes from the cheap and democratic schools and universities. One has only to compare Eton with the Charlottenburg technical school, or Cambridge with Heidelberg to realise the fundamental difference in the educational systems of England and Germany. Here we teach our *bourgeoisie* to be men, not to think; but in Germany they teach men to think, and leave the character to

develop accordingly. Then, again, there is the great force of discipline, due to the conscript armies, which, again, are the prodigies of boundaries. With us, these conditions are non-existent. In their place we have betting, football, the instincts of independence and authority, a curiosity which finds expression in collecting "cigarette cards."

All the same, Socialism, which has been described as the "economic philosophy of the working-classes," does exist among us in a sporadic and characteristic anarchic way, and it exists because it is the bastard of capitalism, and, as such, the natural cloak-room of many discontents who in the toil of life have to take off their jackets. As the result of the German example, Socialism, too, has become theoretically, at least, the underlying principle of modern State Government. The difficulty lies in finding what constitutes the "minimum" of Socialism—how far, that is, the State is justified in protecting the poor because they are poor and in securing for them a more equitable share in the product of labour, and even in the control of it. Liberalism failed in Germany because it failed to find that minimum. And so it was left to the most autocratic and conservative government in Europe to discover the mean in the State Socialism of Bismarck. It was because German Liberalism hung midway between the minimum of Marx—the socialisation of capital and society—and that of the Feudal idea of protection and paternal rule conceived by Bismarck, that it passed away into the national faction—the ghost of the revolutionary Liberalism of '48—which now sits in the Reichstag. The greater the power of active Socialism, the more obviously must Liberalism be attracted into its orbit, and the less democratic—in the idealist sense of the word—must such a Liberalism become. For the greater the influence of theoretical Socialism on Liberalism, the more Socialistic or collectivist must Liberal legislation grow, and so the less individualistic. It is a question purely of the extent of pressure exerted. German Liberalism failed because the pressure from below placed it face to face before the unacceptable minimum with its inevitable party crises and defections, but it was so in Germany solely because authority, the opposition in power, was so strong that all golden mean had become impossible and there was,

politically, no alternative left but in the extremities of for or against.

Liberalism in Germany was killed, then, because of the great violence and strength of the poles between which it stood, futile and impotent as the result of its vacillating attitude throughout the period of evolution. With us, this condition is entirely absent. The very contrary is the case. Socialism in England is not a class power because, though our class barriers are formidable, they are social and so national, but not Socialistic and so political. Its antipode, class Conservatism, has ceased even to be a class power, shorn of its legislative privileges, and so of all technical Feudal authority. The problem here is thus the exact opposite to that which confronted the Liberalism of German Freisinnige. For here there are no longer any extremes, and as there is no class oppression, so is there no class assertion. Instead of a Liberalism as the trailer of Socialism (as in Germany), Labour here is the pendant of Liberalism, from whom both initiative and fulfilment have come. Instead of a fierce class, autocratic *régime*, we have popular government with the great power thus given to personality. The articulate voice of Government in this country gathers vent and force not from the clash of two bitterly opposed economic interests, but from the idea which stands in between. Thus the position of social political forces in England is entirely logical and healthy. It is the condition of normal interest for interest, and being so divested of unduly pointed antagonisms its acerbities are more personal than either social or economic.

The safeguard against Socialism in this country is thus demonstrably the power of Liberalism. Socialism, unless provoked by ignorant and brutal oppression, is almost inconceivable as a great political party in England so long as the ideal and the constructive force of Liberalism endures both as directive in the van of achievement and as philosopher in the reason of State. And that it must be so we may see from example : from Germany, where there is no Liberalism, as from France, which is the home of Republicanism; from Russia, where the simmering forces of revolution are only held down at the point of the bayonet;

from our own history in the last long reign of Conservatism consequent on the decline in the Liberal attitude and idea. In modern industrial conditions, Liberalism is the sole constructive party capable both of assimilation and adjustment, standing as it does half way between the extremes of capital and labour, which are the two predominant rival manifestations of the industrial epoch. And unless, and until, the producers of labour share also in the profits of labour, it is difficult to imagine how these two interdependent but necessarily opposing extremities are to find anything like a satisfactory equation. If labour is indispensable to capital, capital is equally indispensable to labour; and to this irreconcilable difference there must be added the human attributes of brains, initiative, and volition.

The question really is—What, then, is the danger of Socialism, if in the ideal Socialistic State there will be no private capital and consequently no reward or incentive to those who may be able to amass it? As Socialists themselves have for the most part abandoned the fatalistically revolutionary solution, owing to its practical impossibility with our modern weapons of human destruction, and even the feasibility of an international stoppage of work has gone by the board because, though men will die in regiments for the flag, it is humanly inconceivable that they will see their wives and children die passively of starvation; in what, then, does the great danger of Socialism consist if the realisation of its own theories is impracticable and the theory of its very realisation unthinkable? The physical force men have relatively now little authority in the party; moreover, these are not the days of infallibilities. When Marx formulated his materialistic conception of history, he overlooked the reactant of the very agency which was to bring the Millennium about, force which in turn begets force. From the Unions, from the consolidation of the labour interest, capitalism has learnt its lesson: it, too, has learnt to organise, and its organisation is the neutralisation of the other. The modern strike virtually leaves the great combinations of capitalism untouched. It is the public who pays, the people who neither on the one side nor the other are concerned with the issue at stake, or even with the causes of the litigious sides. Thus

the recent railway strike ended in the raising of fares—in little else, for the railwaymen are said to be as discontented as ever. It was so as the result of the coal strike. Always the innocent party suffers, the small *bourgeoisie*, which has no theories or articulation, and which consequently no one befriends.

In this economic warfare continually going on, the losers are in every case those not actually concerned, and the more this truth forces itself upon the public, and the more frequent and violent these struggles become, so the more attention will be drawn to a struggle which incessantly damages the whole. Every great labour upheaval and stoppage affects the pockets of the innocent community, who are in many cases the poorer as their result. That is the real lesson which enforces itself upon the unprejudiced citizen, and that he will continue passively to suffer these economic penalties whenever it suits labour or capital to fall out is not to be reckoned with. The problem of Socialism is thus communistic in that it affects the whole body politic. It is useless, if this is so, to adopt the attitude of Bismarckian repression, because, as example shows, all force which generates force is dangerous. The man who reasons that because strikes send up prices, therefore labour must be kept under with a club, is neither philosopher nor politician. The moment he gets down to facts and learns that the majority of these men only earn twenty shillings a week, if he has any human sense at all he must pause to reflect. Twenty shillings is a poor sum to live, let alone to marry, upon. He begins to realise that he himself would have struck, had he been similarly remunerated for his minimum eight hours' sweat per day. He ends by wondering how the beggar lives at all, with prices going up all the time and "kids" to keep in the bargain.

Abroad, without doubt, the internal question presents dangers happily absent from our conditions, first because the possibility of war on the Continent is always actual, whereas we, with the sea around us, are more fortunately situated; and secondly, because as government in countries such as Germany and Russia is practically personal, Socialism, with its immense organisation and resources, is

the sole people's agent of reform. In England that agent is Liberalism. The man who, disgusted with the prices of coal, bacon, and other necessaries of life, puts it down to Liberalism, either has not thought about the matter or is incapable of so doing. The income tax pinches him because of armaments, and for no other reason. Food and other things have gone up because of the incessant warfare between labour and capital, with its inevitable economic crises and disturbances, not because of any Liberal legislation, nor, for that matter, of any Conservative. If he considered the subject at all closely, he must see that to weaken Liberalism must lead inevitably to a stronger Socialism, for as it is not to be expected that a Conservatism in power would pay more attention to the interests of the poor than they would to those of the rich and property classes, neither is it to be expected that opposition on the part of those neglected would grow as a consequence weaker or less formidable. A ten years' run of Conservative government, and Socialism in this country would advance by leaps and bounds, and the more it tended to supplant Liberalism, the greater would its strength develop. It is not to be questioned. Hence the Socialist trend of modern Radicalism, hence the intensity of capitalistic opposition towards it.

Scientific Socialism will take care of itself. What is unscientific in it will be found out—many of its chief fallacies have been found out. What is scientific in it will hold. On that useful body known as the "Intellectuals" will rest the responsibility of sifting the scoriæ from Marx, and tempering the choler of unfruitful opposition. They may be left safely to their job. The great "end" is, at any rate, but a remote and speculative contingency, which really need not concern us. Many a Highland stag will be shot before the British workman considers it. If he is not concerned, surely we need not be? It is quite another question, however, with the economic side.

Here we are all concerned and particularly the small citizen, whose cause is no man's. He neither shoots stags nor is he a manual labourer, but he has to pay all the time. Soon he, too, may begin to think, to expound a theory, even to

consider whether he and the many thousands similarly situated had not better organise, drill, and write books, like the capitalists and the red "Socis." And the moment he does so, philosophically but two courses are open to him. Either he will opine that money is stronger than humanity, that organised capitalism backed up by authority will be able indefinitely to beat down the demands of labour, in which case he will ally himself with the official property class of Conservatism; or he will come to the conclusion that the Socialistic philosophy of modern Liberalism is preferable to the economic disadvantages of an intensified struggle between labour and capital and to the more remoter possibilities of experimental and anarchic Communism.

In the country of popular government, the evolutionary way is, in fact, open to Socialism, given the men needful for its inspiration, and the numbers necessary to support it—both of which factors, fortunately, are conspicuously absent. That they are absent is due to the vitality of modern Liberalism. Some of us may deplore the Socialist coat the Radicalism of the day sees fit to wear, but those who do may well consider whether that coat is not preferable to a red one. Attack Socialism, and we shall get it, as much of it as we please. It is not Socialism in this country that needs to be saved, it is the lower middle-classes, who form the whipping-post between the two economic extremes. If reason is still a national attribute, we shall avoid all anti-Socialist stump campaigns, as all fussy and fuzzy-wuzzy party-political economics. The question of what power Socialism may obtain lies entirely with those who are not Socialists. All who regard Socialism as a danger must by all logic of reason and social sense politically support Liberalism, which in the present capitalistic state is at once its friend and enemy.

The Civic University Constitution and its Reform

By F. M. Atkinson

Not many phenomena of our times are more striking or more deeply significant than the rise of the new universities of the civic type. Since the Renaissance there has been in England no such stirring, no such revival of educational activity, and it becomes a matter of singular importance that we should understand the causes of the movement, and that its further development should take place upon the lines that will afford the best results.

Modern needs called for increased university accommodation. Many professions attracted youths who wished to find their training both nearer home and at a cheaper rate than the old universities could offer. But while serving and fostering the special needs and special industries of their own districts, the new universities were not designed merely to afford technical training; they include also every province of learning that a university should call its own. During the last dozen years several universities have been established to fulfil these conditions. Great sums of money were subscribed by individuals. municipal and State contributions were added, the best advice was taken as to the formulation of constitutions by charter and statutes, and university after university was launched with the highest hopes and under the best auspices.

The Royal Commission on London University has lately published its report, recommending for London a constitution somewhat resembling that of the civic universities established in Manchester, Liverpool, and other provincial centres. At the meeting of the Committee of Convocation of London University, however, exception was taken to the scheme as degrading London from the position of a great national, even international, university to the level of a provincial university, serving merely local needs. It was pointed out that the constitution proposed

for London placed great power in the hands of a bureaucracy and deprived Convocation, representing the democratic element in the university, of influence and power; in fact, that the constitution would be capable of all those grave abuses that have, unhappily, become manifest in the case of Bristol University, the youngest of the civic foundations.

As part of their forthcoming educational programme, the Government has announced its intention of establishing more of these civic universities, at Nottingham, at Reading, and elsewhere. In drawing up the constitutions for these, it will be well for the advisers of the Government to examine and profit by the experience of the existing universities. Now the constitution of Bristol University is practically the same as those which, on the whole, have worked well enough in the other modern universities. This satisfactory working is due to their good fortune in having the right men on Council and Senate, but there is, and can be, no guarantee that through changes in the personnel of the administration the same defects that are seen at Bristol might make their appearance anywhere.

Where harmony exists between Council and Senate, it matters little whether the powers vested in Court, the supreme legislative body, are exercised or not. If, however, there is not this harmony and mutual understanding of what belongs to Council and what to Senate, then a serious situation arises which will severely test the stability of the whole constitutional structure. It appears that, legally, the Council can overrule the Senate, though it can never have been contemplated that Council should usurp Senate's functions, or exercise them through committees of its own invested with powers identical with those assigned by statutes to Senate.

A useful check provided by the constitution to restrain Council and Senate from excesses is academic opinion as expressed by Convocation, the body of graduates of the university. Bristol showed lately a remarkable instance of the usefulness of Convocation. Though still numerically small, and overweighted by official elements amenable to pressure from Council, the Convocation of Bristol, vigorously exercising its rights under the statutes, protested against the abuse by Council of the powers of

the university in the indiscriminate award of its honorary degrees. It further protested, and protested to some effect, against attempts made by the officials to stifle freedom of speech, and by intimidation to restrain Convocation from exercising its statutory rights of criticism. At Bristol Convocation has one representative on Council, but it might be desirable that its representation on Court and Council should be largely increased. It might thus contribute one of the most valuable elements to Council, an element that might be relied upon to set the interests of the university before everything. In the crisis through which the University of Bristol is passing, Convocation is the only body that has showed a sense of responsibility or a worthy conception of the dignity of the university.

On the University Court, Convocation should have at least fifty representatives, and a hundred would not be too many in such a Court as that of Bristol, which numbers three hundred and fifty. They might be trusted to attend meetings of Court and to take an active and effective part in its proceedings, whereas perhaps sixty or seventy per cent. of the nominated members never even attend meetings, indeed have no reason to be interested in them, and the handful of non-official members who have attended from time to time have been passive spectators of a legislative sham rather than participants in the management of the university. The interests of Convocation can *never* conflict with those of the university, whereas the experience of Bristol has shown that the interests of Council, and even of Senate, may not necessarily be identical with those of the university.

The experience of Bristol supports the contention of the Committee of Convocation of London University that the constitution recommended for London by the recent Royal Commission would lead to the establishment of a bureaucratic government. Whether consciously or unconsciously, the trend of constitutional development in the University of Bristol, whether warranted by charter and statutes or not, has been to thrust aside such constitutional authorities as the Senate, and to transfer their powers to the Vice-Chancellor, and a small group of members of Council. We have seen that the honorary degrees of Bristol have been conferred, not, as elsewhere, upon the recommendation of the academic body, but by Council itself,

of which the Vice-Chancellor is the official adviser. We have seen, too, that the ordinary degrees of Bristol are conferred by Council, not as elsewhere after report from the Senate, but on the mere certificate of the Vice-Chancellor. Such a practice necessarily places immense powers in the hands of the Vice-Chancellor.

At Bristol, professors and teachers hold their offices by a precarious tenure, and are liable to very summary removal by Council, whose adviser is the Vice-Chancellor. We have seen how the Bristol Vice-Chancellor attempted to stifle opinions constitutionally expressed by Convocation. The attempt failed, but that it was made is enough for us to spy a danger. We have here all the signs and symptoms of a development on English soil of the American system of university education, which tends to make the president and the trustees of a college or university omnipotent. In America, however, it is said that any tendency to bureaucratic tyranny or abuses is checked by the existence of a strong professoriate, and also by the great influence of the Associations of Alumni, graduates and past students of the university who continue to take a keen and enthusiastic interest in its affairs, and whose munificence supplies it with means for extending its work.

It has been questioned whether the Court should be a very large body or restricted in number. A large Court is said to be unwieldy, and Lord Haldane told the Commission on London University that "the Court never does anything." To which Sir Robert Morant added, "worse still, it doesn't prevent things." This, again, is borne out by the experience of Bristol, which has a very large Court, few of whose members attend the meetings. A smaller Court, with well chosen members, would probably keep more in touch with the business, and take more interest in the doings of the university, and could be put in motion more rapidly and more effectively than a larger body.

Whatever the size of Court, the really essential matter is that the Court, which should be a final court of appeal in the university, exercising general supervision and control over Council and Senate, should be quite independent and free from any control by the Council, the executive body. At Bristol a meeting of Court is composed principally of members of Council and officials, the non-official element

being conspicuous by its absence on these occasions. The Chairman of Council presides at these meetings, thus divesting the proceedings of the Court of any reality; indeed, it meets simply to sanction without discussion whatever acts of Council are reported to it, and to pass whatever measures Council may present to it.

In theory, Council is composed of men of affairs experienced in finance and administration, and is, as far as it is allowed to exercise executive powers in strictly academic matters, guided by the Senate, or body of professors. We have seen that in Bristol the Council has been disposed to ignore the Senate as its advisory body and to act independently. In defence of this attitude it has been put forward, on the strength of the presence on Council of some scholars, that Council is itself academic in its composition, and therefore competent to act for itself without advice from the Senate in dealing with academic matters. Even were it the case that every member of Council were a distinguished scholar and highly experienced in academic affairs, the claim of Council to control directly the academic business of the university is manifestly contrary to the spirit of the constitution of the civic university. Whatever the composition of Council, its business is general administration, and however distinguished its members, if they are not actually intimately in touch with the work of the university, with its teaching and organisation, they cannot know the wise course to take in each juncture. They meet only eight or nine times a year, and the only channel they have for their information is the Vice-Chancellor.

In any case the Council is not the place for the transaction of academic business. Such business is for the Senate, and on academic matters the representatives of Senate on Council should be silent except to present the views of the Senate, and no academic policy should be initiated outside the Senate.

It is said that those who are framing the constitution of the university which Reading University College aspires to become, warned by the mishaps that have befallen Bristol, and the discredit into which the present constitution of the civic university has fallen at Bristol, contemplate a constitution in which the government of the university shall be entrusted to a single body half lay and half academic.

The Court, which at Bristol has proved so ineffective, is thus dispensed with, and friction between Council and Senate is obviated by the compression of these two bodies into one. But the misadventures of the University of Bristol are not due, let me repeat it, to its constitution, but to the fact that those entrusted with the working of the constitution have not enforced or observed its provisions, and that there appears to be no machinery by which it is possible to compel a wayward Council to pay regard to statutes and ordinances. The Reading scheme is said to please the academic element there, who apparently believe that, if equal in number they would be equal in weight and influence with the lay members. They forget that where there might be a difference of academic opinion the issue would be decided by the mere vote of lay members, and further it is certain that the wealthier members, the lay members, will from the mere force of their wealth have a weight not possessed by the academic members. This Reading solution, if it is examined judicially, will not commend itself. The working of a university falls into two departments, the control of finance and administrative business, and academic business. It is best that business and finance should be entrusted to business men, and on the other hand that the control of the academic business of the university should be entrusted to a competent academic body. Either, then, the academic business must be reserved for the academic body; or if for practical constitutional reasons the executive power must belong to one body only, the body that administers the university generally, the recommendations of the academic body must be made binding on the administrative body with, if necessary, an appeal to Court should any difference arise between Council and Senate.

Government by one single body would tend to become a tyranny by a close corporation. If the Reading scheme be actually tried, it might be suggested as a useful modification based upon experience that the graduates of the university should have a substantial representation upon the governing body. They would be zealous for the honour of their university; it would be to their interest to maintain the standing and reputation of the university degrees, and to secure for the university the services of the most eminent scholars and teachers. Should differences arise between

the academic and lay members of the governing body, the representatives of the graduates might be trusted to throw the weight of their influence on the right side.

It cannot be too often repeated that the failure of Bristol University has been due to the wanton interference of the lay element in purely academic affairs, and not to any excessive complication in the constitutional machinery. If the commercial element must be admitted into the constitution of the civic universities, it is desirable that it should be isolated in a single one of the constituent governing bodies. In that case it may have the wisdom, or may be compelled by public opinion, to confine itself to its proper sphere of finance. If, on the other hand, the lay element is blended with the academic in a single governing body, the men of business must inevitably share in academic control as well as in business administration. The ethics of the market-place will not mix with the best traditions of a university, and the infiltration of commercial morals into the nobler, if "unpractical," ideals of the older universities will work irreparable damage to the influence and prestige of universities in the great industrial centres.

What has happened at Bristol is at least possible in the other civic institutions to which similar constitutions have been given. It is therefore important that care should be taken, by those who will have to draft the statutes of the future civic universities, to strengthen the constitutional framework, introducing safeguards where necessary to protect the university from abuse of power by Council or other governing body.

Certain definite provisions might be inserted into charters and statutes to correct the abuses and irregularities that might follow the appearance upon the governing bodies of the universities of men without understanding of their duties, if not with positively corrupt intentions.

First of all, if the Court is to be retained as the supreme authority in the university, it must be invested with real authority and effective surveillance of the subordinate governing bodies. If the Court meets only once or twice in the year, it should be supplied beforehand with reports of the proceedings of Council and Senate, and should be in a position to criticise freely and discuss the work of the various governing bodies, and to discuss and amend or, it

may be, reject the ordinances or other legislative proposals submitted by Council.

To that end there should be a standing Committee of Court, meeting four or five times a year. Members of Council, members of Senate, and officials of the university would be ineligible to serve on this committee, which should be appointed by Court without suggestion or pressure from Council. Its functions and powers should be as follows :—

(1) To inquire into, review, and report to Court upon, the work of the university and its administration by Council and Senate.

(2) To have access to all minutes of Council and of Senate, and to have power to make representations to Court upon any matter affecting the university.

(3) To examine ordinances submitted by Council or by Council and Senate and report upon them to Court within a fixed time before the meeting of Court at which such ordinances are to be presented.

(4) If any question should arise in the interpretation of statutes or ordinances, to report to Court. In case of serious divergence of opinion, Court might, if necessary, approach the Privy Council to obtain a final decision.

The Court must have the initiative in electing its own representatives on Council. Non-official members should have power to put forward candidates with assurance that their claims will have the consideration of the ballot. All canvassing of the Court by members of Council or others should be strictly forbidden.

These provisions are of extreme importance in view of the tendency of Council to put forward quasi-official candidates, and to discourage other non-official candidates whom they may think for any reason unlikely to work harmoniously with them. Where the Council of a university is virtually controlled by a "ring" or small group of its members, it is easy to see how by this process of selection the ring may increase and consolidate its power and influence, and how detrimental to the interests of the university is such a consolidation; such an engrossing of power into the hands of a few men, who may be, and are most likely to be, precisely the least fitted worthily to uphold or to understand the ideals and traditions of a university.

The last election of representatives of the Court on

the Council of Bristol University is instructive in respect to the tendency I speak of. Four vacancies occurred on the Council, five candidates were proposed—a solicitor, a printer and publisher, a partner in a firm of metal smelters, and a director in the same firm, and the fifth a principal of a university college, the only candidate in any way conversant with academic matters. This gentleman's nomination papers were signed by members of Parliament, bishops, etc., etc., representing the south-western counties. The other nomination papers were purely local in character and presented striking similarity in every detail. I give them in parallel columns—they make very instructive reading.

Mr. Abbot.	Mr. Arrowsmith.	Mr. Badock.	Mr. Pass.
Mr. Adams	Mr. Adams	Mr. Adams	Mr. Adams
*Mr. Arrowsmith		*Mr. Arrowsmith	*Mr. Arrowsmith
Judge Austin	Judge Austin	Judge Austin	Judge Austin
*Mr. Badock	*Mr. Badock		*Mr. Badock
Mr. Bolton	Mr. Bolton	Mr. Bolton	Mr. Bolton
	*Mr. Davey		
Mr. Davies	Mr. Davies	Mr. Davies	Mr. Davies
Mr. Davis	Mr. Davis	Mr. Davis	Mr. Davis
	Mr. Fox		
*Prof. Francis	*Prof. Francis	*Prof. Francis	*Prof. Francis
*Mr. Howell	*Mr. Howell	*Mr. Howell	*Mr. Howell
			Prof. Leonard
	Mr. James		
	*Mr. King		
Mr. McArthur	Mr. McArthur	Mr. McArthur	Mr. McArthur
*Mr. Nixon	*Mr. Nixon	*Mr. Nixon	*Mr. Nixon
	Mr. Pope		
	Mr. Proctor		
Mr. Richards	Mr. Richards	Mr. Richards	Mr. Richards
Mr. Tyndall	Mr. Tyndall	Mr. Tyndall	Mr. Tyndall
	*Prof. Wertheimer		

* Denotes member of the University Council.

It will be seen that there are fifty-eight nominations. On analysis it appears that there are only twenty-one names in all. On further examination we discover that eleven names appear on each of the four lists, two appear on three of the four, and one candidate has seven nominators that do not figure again.

Of the fifty-eight nominations, then, 44 are given by 11 gentlemen, 6 by 2, or 50 by 13 nominators.

The four candidates have respectively 5, 7, 4, and 5 members of Council among their nominators, and of all fifty-eight nominations only seventeen come from persons

not officially connected with the university or the Society of Merchant Venturers, and twelve of these seventeen stand in three names.

It is unnecessary to comment at length on these lists. They speak for themselves, and the fact that of the five candidates the one unsuccessful was the man who could lay claim to educational experience is not without significance. He was without official support, and therefore——

It would be absurd to assert that such an election represents the free and independent choice of an active and intelligent Court, and it is clear that steps must be taken to secure to the Court freedom and initiative in selecting its representatives on Council.

The Court should determine its own procedure, the direction of which would be better entrusted to the Standing Committee than to Council, as at Bristol, where the Chairman of Council actually presides over the meetings of Court, and members of Council sit round him on a daïs, while the members of Court assemble in the body of the hall, the meeting thus taking place, as it were, under the auspices of Council, instead of Council appearing to submit its work to the Court.

Finally, the quorum of Court should be fixed at a number which would give the non-official members a clear majority over the members of Council and Senate and other official members. At Bristol, where the Court consists of some three hundred and thirty members, the quorum is at present twelve. This is patently absurd, and suggests that the members of Court are not eager to attend its meetings. That is not unnatural, for the meetings of Court are purely formal, and members can hardly be expected to give up valuable time merely for the purpose of assisting to ratify, without knowledge, without information, and without discussion the proceedings and the legislation of Council. A large quorum is practical, but it can only be obtained if the Court exercises real authority and if its members feel they are not simply wasting time, but that they are helping to control and shape the destiny and policy of their university.

With such a strong Court exercising an effective control over the administration of the university, there will be a check upon any unwise proceedings on the part of Council, upon which the mere existence of such a check will have a whole-

some restraining effect. The Council will, however, remain the administrative body directly concerned with carrying on the business of the university.

The tendency of Council to usurp powers that are essentially in the province of the Senate, makes it imperative that the powers given to Council and Senate respectively should be accurately defined and delimited. The jurisdiction of Council must be restricted to matters of finance and administration. There are considerable funds to dispose of, and very heavy demands upon these funds, and in wise investments and wise allocation of income there is scope for the most brilliant talent of the business men who have entrusted to them the care of the university's finances. The danger lies in the election upon Council of men of inferior calibre, whose disinterestedness cannot be implicitly trusted. To obviate this danger, certain principles might be laid down with great advantage.

In the first place, it must be made impossible for Council to give contracts to its own members.

No member of Council shall be permitted to carry out any work for the university for which payment is made.

All contracts shall be publicly advertised.

No member or ex-member of Council shall be eligible to hold any office of profit in the university.

No near relative of any member of Council shall be eligible for any office of profit in the university. This rule may at first sight appear harsh, but it obtains in certain American universities, and is said to give admirable results.

As for the Senate, it must be established as the real authority governing all academic affairs. Its advice must be considered by Council, and if rejected Council must assign definite reasons, which shall appear in the minutes of their proceedings reviewed by the Committee of Court. If the Senate upon deliberation does not acquiesce in this rejection, and if it so desires, these reasons shall be submitted to the Committee of Court, which shall consider them, and shall have powers, if necessary, to call a special meeting of Court to decide the question at issue.

When a vacancy occurs in the teaching staff, the Senate shall have exclusive powers to select candidates for recommendation to Council. It is clearly for Senate to examine and pronounce upon the qualifications of candidates, and

it should be made impossible for Council to elect to a professorship a candidate who has not been recommended by Senate.

No professor or other member of the teaching staff shall be dismissed by Council, nor shall any chair be abolished without the consent of Senate, and subject to an appeal to the Committee of Court.

Chairs shall not be established without report from and consent of Senate, subject to appeal to the Committee of Court.

Professors should be given at their appointment tenure *ad vitam aut culpam*. And the conditions of this tenure should be embodied in statute or ordinance, not, as in one university, merely in a standing order of Council, revocable at any moment. Lecturers should also have reasonable security of tenure assured to them.

All degrees, whether honorary or ordinary, shall be awarded by the Senate, or else by Court or Council after resolution from the Senate.

Up to the present the Board of Education has displayed a wholly praiseworthy reluctance to interfere with the internal affairs and administration of the civic universities. But an indiscreet use of the powers entrusted to the governing bodies of these institutions might easily assume an aspect so serious that the Board might well consider that some action on its part was demanded in the interests of the students and of the country at large. Some such provisions as those I have outlined, if incorporated in the laws of the universities, would, if observed, enable them to preserve that complete autonomy which the majority of educationists regard as essential to the well-being and development of every university.

Sunday on the Sands

I CAN never see a bluejacket without a thrill of pride and interest—I like their big throats—and so, feeling rather jolly after a few weeks' jaunt abroad, and having two hours to wile away before the train started for London, I sidled up to two of the lads sprawling idly on the beach at Weymouth, asking them whether there was anything to do or see on such a sunny Sunday afternoon. The boy with two stripes on his sleeve eyed me quizzically, but the other, who had no stripes, answered promptly and pleasantly enough.

"You can see the sea, Mister," he said, "and all them tootsies and totties about, same as we can. But as for doing something, why that's just the plaguey bit of a Sunday in this here island, why there ain't goin' to be nothin' to do."

I tried to smile confidentially, and, pulling out some cigars I had brought over, I tendered them listlessly.

"Well, but the place is full of people. Why, there must be thousands promenading and sitting about. Surely, there is some form of amusement for them, isn't there? They don't even seem to be bathing."

The sailor boy seemed amused.

"Bathing," he retorted. "The sea ain't holy for these individuals on Sunday. Blimy! Ain't you never been to the seaside afore, then?"

I admitted the sin, but hinted that August was an exceptional month, as Weymouth was an exceptional place, and that the presence of so many sailors should conduce to some hilarity and entertainment.

"Why, there are hundreds of you," I threw in, looking around.

"So there are, Mister, and devil a bit are they all a-doing. Most of our mates are up yonder, see, 'way by them bathing-machines, taking a snooze. There ain't nothing else for them to do, see. They're sleeping, they are, most like everybody else. It ain't so easy for to keep

awake a-Sunday afternoons. Nothin' doin'—and that's truth."

Here was another social problem, I began to think. What a place! Hundreds of sailors jettisoned on the seashore with nothing to do, most of them fast asleep in the strangest attitudes on the sands—the British Navy turned out for a well-earned holiday and all possibilities of entertainment withheld from them! Where is the Tory Democracy? What are our Socialists doing?

"Isn't there even a band, then," I inquired.

This time it was the silent, double-striped sailor who answered.

"There's the Salvation Army," he said.

"The Salvation Army," I repeated.

"That's right," returned the sailor, and the retort seemed for the moment to settle the matter. Fortunately, the communicative boy took up the thread.

"Ever heard them blokes?" he inquired. "They're all right, they are."

"Quite so," I ejaculated, "but I was looking for something to help pass the time away. They're a bit too 'preachy' for me by the seaside."

"They can play," vouchsafed the silent one.

"Can they? Where? What?"

"Well, they don't play marbles, Mister, you bet. But some of them jossers can talk straight. Not 'arf. See, there they are, where that crowd is over there. We're going down that way. Like to come, sir?"

I accepted gladly, and soon we were among the crowd, many standing, but most of them sitting or stretched out on the sand, and I was surprised to see the great number of bluejackets grouped decorously and attentively about. The sailor was right. It was a large and good band, seated on chairs, the "lassies" all together with music on their laps, and in the centre there stood a big, beefy-looking man giving the public God's word. It was the peroration:

"And so, my friends, we are all equals, all sinners, and all brothers. Not a man or a woman who is too bad for us. We are recruited in great part from the public house. To any man here who has had delirium tremens I say here is my hand (and the big man held out a great fist), here is the cap of brotherhood (he now extended his cap), and I say

'put your hand in mine, put your heart in God, and you and all the world will be the better for it.'"

I looked round carefully as the man was speaking and was surprised to note that there was not a smile on the face of any of the numerous sailors listening to the words. The men seemed to be enjoying the little sermon, and while the preacher spoke they all listened in silence. Then the band took up their instruments and played—much better than the average seaside band—a tune, Handel, I think it was, but not so slowly as most seaside bands play waltzes on a Sunday. And then there came round a lass—with the hat.

Both my friends put in a copper, and for the first time in my life I subscribed to the cause with a sixpence. It was the force of example—the example of the sailors. Again the music began, and this time the "lads" and "lassies" sang, quite well, and I listened with the crowd, partly because the music was worth listening to and partly because there was nothing else to do.

Nothing else to do all those hours of sunshine in August holiday time by the seaside! All places of amusement closed with all the "pubs" and all educational institutions. No games allowed. The sea too "holy" to bathe in. No organised recreation for His Majesty's sailors of any sort. Nothing. Literally nothing to do but moon about, sleep on the sands, read a trivial story and listen to the Army's band.

Girls in white frocks, hundreds, thousands of them, with nothing to do but stare or giggle. "Sidneys" strutting about on their annual holiday freedom. Bored bluejackets lying idly in the sun, basking like crocodiles on the shores of the Nile. A seashore of weary, dreary boredom, so depressing that I could have shrieked. Not a cheery sight, certainly. And I could not help wondering whether it was a healthy sight. The entire holiday population idle, stagnant, aphasic, as it were, weighed down by the incubus of the Sabbatarian tradition, and all of them with the hunger of life in their eyes, waiting for the relief of the morrow.

How different from the places where I had just come from: from the German seaside resort, where on a Sunday afternoon the whole place makes for the open-air restaurant, café, concert-room, or "*Bier-Quelle*," and there is talk

and gaiety and love and amusement, and men can swim, or row, or dance, or play games, and Sunday is the true people's day of leisure and recreation; or from France, where, of course, Sunday is the great day of outing for Papa, Mamma, and Bébé! How is it, I asked myself, that this dead-weight Sunday still obtains in England, this total absence of all sensible and healthy means of enjoyment, this morbid dulness that drives men to the "pubs" the moment they reopen, and deprives the sailor of his holiday? It is not a social success. Educationally it is bad, because it deprives the people on the one day of leisure that they enjoy of the means to hear some good music, to visit galleries, and open their minds generally. But saddest of all is the plight into which it throws Jack Tar ashore.

Poor fellows! How I pitied them, with not a girl by their sides, sprawling there asleep on the sands! The spruce petty officers in similar state, bored, lonely, idle—"nothin' doin', and that's truth." How I wished I were a rich man that I could found some big institution and park for them, where they would find amusement and healthy recreation on Sundays, where they could get refreshment and newspapers, and there would be organised entertainments and games, and in the evenings they could dance and be treated as responsible grown-up men! As it is, a more pitiless day than Sunday for these men I cannot imagine. And the Salvation Army knows it. They give the people music and some plain common sense. Halle-lu-ha to them!

My sailor friends saw me into the train, and at parting we shook hands warmly. The last word came from the silent one:

"Good luck, sir," he said, "and I guess you ain't sorry to be clearing out of it."

"No, I don't think," I replied, though I have regretted using that beastly phrase ever since.

S. O.

Mr. Hall Caine Banned

THE idea of a book by Mr. Hall Caine, "the darling of the gods," being banned by the libraries and the bookstalls is so ludicrous that it makes one wonder what manner of world it is we manage to live in, in this country. Such, however, is the fact, and all who wish to know the details about the case should read the *Daily Telegraph*, August 7th, where the whole correspondence relating to the ban of *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* is set forth.

With the literary qualities of the book we are not here concerned—it may be described as typical Hall Caine, *more* "The Christian" and other of his works—nor for that matter are the censors concerned with that aspect either. The book is not stocked (thereby causing direct obstruction of trade) because of some undefined immoral tendency. As a matter of fact, whatever its literary defects, it is essentially a moral book written with an obvious moral purpose. What we would ask is this: How, and why, is it that this book is banned by the libraries and the bookstalls *after it had appeared serially month after month in "Nash's Magazine" and had been displayed and sold on all the bookstalls and at the libraries?* It was moral as a serial, but is immoral as a book. What does this mean? That is a question to which the public has the right to demand an answer from the Circulating Libraries Association. As regards the immorality side of the question, we have the characteristic British spectacle of muddle and hypocrisy of a book displayed ostentatiously on the bookstalls owned by Messrs. Wymans, whereas at another railway station the book is deliberately removed from Messrs. Smith's counter. Again, the thinking public has the right to demand an explanation: for we have here neither business, nor common sense, and certainly not morality. In no other branch of trade is such a tyranny to be found. For it comes to this, that any book can be commercially ruined at the bidding of the Libraries Association, who *form a Ring*, and even at the pleasure of any individual in that Ring who takes objection to any passage in any book. Such a state of things is not only silly. It means that the intellect of England is controlled by "Snooky-Ookums."

Books of the Month

ART

A Stained Glass Tour in Italy. By Charles H. Sherrill. John Lane. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is an attractive volume—one of a series of stained-glass tours. Mr. Sherrill's enthusiasm has carried him into remote byways of mediævalism, and he writes with the delight of an explorer, with the knowledge and restraint of a specialist. Incidentally, we learn many things concerning the history and social life of the towns which his antiquarian researches have tempted him to explore.

ECONOMIC

Gold, Prices, and Wages, with an Examination of the Quantity Theory. By J. A. Hobson. Methuen. 3*s.* 6*d.* net. 1913.

An enlightening discussion of a subject that has latterly occupied economists of all countries. The lucid and interesting style is calculated to gain acceptance for its conclusions, even on points still hotly debated by experts. If it be borne in mind that there is more to be said on the different problems than Mr. Hobson has been able to set forth in 180 pages, his book may be regarded as a stimulating introduction to the subject. His main thesis that the extraordinary increase in gold production has had but a trifling effect in raising prices—about $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent.—is saved from the appearance of paradox by his acute analysis of the score of factors—including armaments, protective duties, and Trusts—that have contributed to that result. Yet the connection between gold production and prices has been recognised from the time of Bodin, and later of Montesquieu, and, although often exaggerated and falsely applied, there can be no doubt of the substantial soundness of that view. On this particular point readers might do well to compare Mr. Hobson's standpoint with that of some of the writers who hold a different view, as, for instance, Professor Franz Eulenberg, of Leipzig, who, while rejecting the naïve theory of a direct quantitative relation between gold production and aggregate purchasing power, is far from sharing Mr. Hobson's view of the trifling effect of increased gold production upon higher prices. It is to be hoped that the onslaught of the latter will bring other qualified disputants into the field and help to solve this problem. On the practical question whether higher prices are likely to continue, Mr. Hobson is less positive than Professor Eulenberg, who holds that they are to be regarded as permanent rather than temporary, and as being due in the last resort to the creation of the world market by the present phase of capitalism. Mr. Hobson, on the other hand, holds out the hope that as the over-seas investments fructify in increases of consumable goods, we may anticipate a decline in food prices.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Herbaceous Garden. By Mrs. Philip Martineau. Williams and Norgate. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

God Almighty first planted a garden. But a good many have been planted since then, and that "purest of human pleasures" of which Bacon wrote has never been more indulged in than at this moment by wise and

contemplative souls. The secret appeal and charm of gardening may well lie in this, that, as Mrs. Martineau puts it, "of all hobbies it is the least tainted with the jealousies one meets with in the pursuit of other hobbies and recreations." Something of this kindly spirit permeates our whole literature of the subject, and that is why books such as this, or that other one which we lately reviewed on *Gardens for Small Country Houses*, can be read with such unfeigned pleasure. There is always room for more of them. For the art is continually progressing; the potentialities of soil and seed are daily better understood; fresh varieties of plants are imported from over the seas or created for our delectation by artful botanists. Place this volume of Mrs. Martineau beside one of our older gardening treatises and you will see what a revolution has taken place in our notions of what constitutes the beauty of these artificial plantations. Also, while the principles underlying horticulture are sternly scientific, the ultimate results to be obtained allow endless scope for the individual garden-lover's fancy in the matter of colour-groupings, background, and subsidiary ornamentation. Hence all these books are different in feeling, and all of them interesting as personal documents.

Mrs. Martineau dislikes the word "herbaceous"; and so do most of us. But there it is: *j'y suis, j'y reste;* we must just "acclimatise" ourselves to it. While dealing exhaustively with her subject, she often indulges in those genial hints and reflections which come naturally to one who loves the gentle companionship of flowers. At the same time, she can be as businesslike as you please—ay, professional; in short, we should say that what this self-styled "amateur" does not know about herbaceous gardens is probably not worth knowing. The illustrations, mellow and effective in tone, have been reproduced by a new process, and are quite a feature of the book.

THE RENAISSANCE AND ITS MAKERS. By I. D. SYMON and S. L. BENSUSAN. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

To compress the whole of such an enormous movement into one volume has been no mean task. But the authors have certainly succeeded in giving us an admirable synopsis of the Renaissance. Their success is due, we think, to what they call the "episodic method": their system of grouping the different main tendencies in art and thought under the life-histories of certain leading personalities. In view of the limits of space imposed upon them, this method is unquestionably justified; for while it may focus the eye somewhat unduly upon the doings of a single representative individual, it has the great merit of leaving a vivid and clear picture upon the reader's mental retina. And this, exactly, is what the authors have striven for. The book, moreover, is thoroughly up to date, as can be seen on the perusal of chapters like those on the "Educational Idealists" and the "Women of the Renaissance." The writers have also dwelt more fully than earlier ones might have done upon the personality of that promethean creature, Frederick II.; and herein, again, have displayed a sound modern judgment. Altogether, a scholarly and stimulating performance.

THE FOREST OF DEAN. By ARTHUR O. COOKE. Constable. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

This consists of a chapter on English Forests in General, one on Forest Courts and Officers, one on the History of Dean Forest, and twenty-four on Different Parts and Features of the Forest, as it was at its fullest extent. Mr. Cooke's aim is purely information. He may have known the district before he set out to write of it, but the book is certainly not the result of lengthy and overflowing knowledge. Also he lacks original literary power and charm. But he has undertaken and performed his task in a serious and careful manner. He may be cordially recommended to those who, like himself, wish to acquire information on the subject, rather than to those who read for pleasure. Not that he disdains to

provide pleasure. On the contrary, he has taken pains to deck his information in such adornments as are at the professional writer's call. What can be done by these means Mr. Cooke has done. He mingles legend, history, description, and anecdote, in a genial and even enthusiastic vein. An economical guide-book of a quarter the size might have been equally informing and would not necessarily have been less pleasing. But the fashion favours books of three hundred pages, and Mr. Cooke's are conscientiously filled. The illustrations, four in colour and fifty-six in black and white, by Mr. J. W. King, whose name is nowhere mentioned, are a suitable and attractive series.

THE NEW FORESTERS. By WILLIAM CAINE. London: James Nisbet. 5s. net.

This is a clever, bright, and funny example of the higher nomadism. The author and his wife go about the New Forest with an ass and cart. He paints. She, "with her hair down, clad in a fine new cherry-coloured silk jersey and an ancient black skirt," studies Spanish and rests. They dislike golfers for the usual reasons. They like poor old men who sleep under hedges, and Mr. Caine has written a prose poem on such a one, which reminds us of Whitman's "I think I could live with animals." Cherry-coloured silk nomadism could not be much better done. Mr. Caine has evidently enjoyed being out of doors with his wife and the ass between Milford and Brook, between Totton and the mouth of the Beaulieu River. Every chapter begins with "Of," as every chapter of Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Domesticities* begins with "Concerning." You have "Of us and of an Ass," "Of the setting out (second attempt), and of an Italian and of a trusty servant, and of lunch," and so on. It is no great merit, but it helps to define this clever, bright funny book, which makes a point of not being a guide and sacrifices everything to pure enjoyment. There is a great deal of enjoyment here, for the writers lived rather on spatch-cocked chicken and crême caramel than hedgehogs and snails. The book includes none of the writer's water-colours, but there is a sort of a map and a coloured frontispiece by Mr. Dudley Tennant.

AVIATION. By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE. Collins. 1s. net.

THE CASE FOR RAILWAY NATIONALISATION. By EMIL DAVIES. Collins. 1s. net.

Until quite recently aviation was regarded by the uninformed as a mad form of sport for people who had exhausted the ordinary channels for indulging in thrills. "Another airman killed" was the announcement of each step taken to advance the science, and, considering the lack of popular reading matter on the subject, the ordinary individual could be pardoned for imagining that all the steps—and the flights—of the airman must ultimately lead to the coroner's court. Mr. Claude Grahame-White endeavours to correct these mistaken ideas. He traces the history of aviation from its beginnings in England over a hundred years ago, and gives a simple exposition of the latest developments which should remove many of the misconceptions now existing as to the use and the dangers of air machines. "The statistics of the Aero Club of France show that for every 92,000 miles actually flown by aeroplane during the year 1912, only one fatal accident occurred." As to the utility of aeroplanes, Mr. Grahame-White is of the opinion that the air will eventually become the ideal medium for high-speed transit, both for passengers and goods.

Mr. Emil Davies sums up his case for the nationalisation of railways on the first page of his book. He says: "Whilst those countries which have nationalised their railway system show no signs of reverting to company ownership and management, every country which has, for one reason or another, nationalised a portion of its railway system, rapidly proceeds to nationalise further portions of the system." He then goes on to deal with railway questions from the point of view of the trader, the

passenger, the worker, the investor, and the State. Some of his comparisons between the cost of services on the State-owned lines of the Continent and the private companies of the United Kingdom are startling. Undoubtedly this book is the most comprehensive and convincing examination yet made of one of the most important public problems of the day.

FICTION

THE REPENTANCE OF DESTINY. By SHWAY DINGA. Duckworth. 6*s*.

This Anglo-Burmese story is a very capable piece of work, and a novel of no little interest. The author, we must suppose, is a Burman, unless he be Indian. He writes with a polished cynicism almost Willy-esque in its light bitterness. The tale has as its burden the *liaisons* between English Civil Servants and Burmese young women, which we are given to understand are, or were, the usual thing in Burma. In a way the book is a revelation, for it gives a criticism of our Imperial civilisation from the point of view of a refined and sensitive member of one of our dependent races. The author makes no definite attack, nor does he labour any point. His criticism is merely suggestive, though not exactly helpfully so. One has a suspicion that the brutality of the Englishmen in the book is exaggerated, as perhaps is too the Parisian *chic* with which the Burmese ladies seem endowed. But *The Repentance of Destiny*—Easterns somehow can never keep the word destiny out of their titles—is a novel to read.

THE HARROVIANS. By ARNOLD LUNN. Methuen. 6*s*.

Mr. Lunn satirises the old-fashioned type of public-school story in a rather amusing way. We all remember the old figures—the boy who will not "sneak," but prefers a caning, the bully with the hang-dog expression, the lad who is physically weak, and yet, after being unjustly accused, proves a hero. Mr. Lunn's own characters are much more subtle and sophisticated, yet beneath all their cynicism and light banter, we see glimpses of the traits of the older type. His story, which is a series of episodes rather than a connected tale, has the unique feature of being based upon an elaborate diary kept by the author in his own schooldays. The book makes lively reading if one does not mind the weird jargon and mechanical slang of the Harrovians depicted in it. One is inclined to agree with the half-expressed derision of the hero about "Schooldays being the happiest of all." The venerable myth must, one supposes, be perpetuated, but—we know better.

ROSALIND IN ARDEN. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Dent. 6*s*.

A sentimental-melodrama, in spite of the quotations from the poets and the literary allusions. The story concerns a claim to a peerage and property which is made by the hero, and the villain is an American millionaire, who is renting the estate in question, and does not wish to be turned out. His niece and the hero fall in love. In the end everybody is nice to everybody else, and wedding bells are heard faintly in the distance. There is considerable ingenuity displayed in the machinations of the millionaire, and, of its conventional type, the story is quite a good one.

THE FFOLLIOTS OF REDMARLEY. By L. ALLEN HARKER. Murray. 6*s*.

English county society provides Mrs. Harker with the background for her delicate and pretty story. A youthful Radical M.P., *bourgeois*

and ill-at-ease among the aristocratic Ffolliots, is the hero, who seems to have been invented only to show how impossible he is, even in spite of his natural gifts. He is put in his place in the last scene by the charming Miss Ffolliot. The book contains exact and sympathetic pictures of English county society.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. Macmillan. 6s.

Mr. Churchill has been engaged for many years in an attempt to analyse the social life of the United States, first by examining successive stages in American history, and latterly by analysing the nation as it exists to-day. In "A Modern Chronicle," his labours seemed to culminate in an indictment of the modern class system as based upon cash, and the ethical system as undermined by caprice. In his new novel he turns to the problem of religion—the shell of modern religion which has become a bulwark for privilege, a cloak for the self-complacent, and an enemy to democracy. He is attempting to do in his own American way what Mr. Galsworthy did for England in "The Island Pharisees" and "A Man of Property." But he does not present his study objectively as Mr. Galsworthy has done. He has presented to us no group of clever portraits like those of the English novelist. He has set out quite frankly to argue with us, to declaim, to denounce and exhort; and his persons, though they are cleverly manipulated, are no more than pegs on which to hang his case; they are the mouthpiece through which he harangues us. The interest lies less in the particular fate of his persons than in the fate of the Christian religion as he foreshadows it.

He has put his scene in a great city in one of the middle States of America, and appropriately so, for whilst in the East ethics and religion are in a condition very like that in England, in the middle West, where business enterprise is the last word in modernity and "progress," formal religion and formal ethics are those of our own middle-Victorian period. That is to say, the established Christian religion is antiquated where it exists; but it exists only among the rich, the well-to-do, and those who intend to become well-to-do; and for the rest, it is like an island in the sea of an indifferent, scornful, and openly hostile majority. Mr. Churchill is putting the question which for a dozen years or more has been, in England, a familiar question even in religious circles—why is it that the Churches are losing their influence? why do they completely fail to touch the lives of the working-classes? why do they appear so consistently on the side of privilege when their talk is so much about humanity? He traces the development of a young clergyman, who accepts the rectorship of the richest and most fashionable church of the city. John Hodder has never been confronted with the social problem as it appears in a modern city and in the most vital literature. He takes his stand upon the traditions and authority of the Church, and denounces the anarchy of independent thought, preaching with so much vehemence that his congregation "felt a certain anomaly in virility proclaiming tradition." Gradually he begins to discover the cloven hoof. He has seen that the poor do not come to the church, that even its settlement house only draws so far as it can amuse. He discovers that that great financial magnate, Eldon Parr, who controls the vestry just as he controls the finance of the State, is engaged in legalised robbery as a business man and in distributing largesse to the victims as a Christian. John Hodder passes through the crucible of doubt. He comes out with a determination to humanise the Church, to abandon traditional formulæ, to attack superstition and hypocrisy, to "make Christians" in accordance with the spirit rather than the letter of the Gospels. He denounces the ideal of acquiring property, and preaches a religion of humanity and service.

We cannot enter into the theological issues which Mr. Churchill raises. His view of the decadence and respectable frivolity of the Church, and of its more real function as a bulwark used against aggressive democracy, is a familiar one. We have the same problem here, though

our churches are dominated less by the wealth of plutocrats than by the snobbery of the socially aspiring middle classes. Mr. Churchill has an enormous following in America. He has stated the case in this book with truth, though his solution of the difficulty has the glow of rhetoric rather than sober fact. But this popular statement was worth making. It touches life more nearly than such a book as "Robert Elsmere"; and if we shrink from some of the tawdry sentiment, and find the argument more notable than the persons, we nevertheless admire Mr. Churchill's representation of a "slice" of American thought which has its counterpart here.

V.V.'s Eyes. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Constable and Co. 6*s*.

It is not easy at any time to create a hero with the attributes of John the Baptist, and popular American fiction does not harmoniously adjust itself to such a compelling personage. Nevertheless, Mr. Harrison, having taken up the inevitable *rôle* of social reformer and prophet, does not shrink from the task. He no longer attempts to sweep his readers away by sheer vehemence of style, as he did in *Queed*. He is on less sure ground, for he is evidently writing of types of forms whom he does not know so well, and has not realised to himself. He gives us a sufficient number of thrilling incidents, and more than a sufficient amount of psychological analysis. But no psychological dexterity can make the scheming, ambitious, beautiful, about-to-be-converted Carlisle, daughter of a rich manufacturer, into a knowable young woman developing in anything more than a plausible way. Her desire to marry the richest of millionaires is natural enough. But the magnetic appeal of that philanthropic idealist, Dr. V. Vivian, is no more than a melodramatic intervention calculated to show her her deceits and to wean her from her millionaire. The contrast between a rich manufacturer, who has to be rich and sweat his workmen in order to dress his women-kind, and the consumptive toilers who sweat and faint in his factory, is the conventional contrast, true enough in life, but not made true in this novel. In fact, all this pother about the careless rich and the devoted social worker and the sweated factory hand is only used as a means of bringing a sentimental young woman to the conclusion that it is best to be "good." "Was this the mystery then, the world's secret? Was this the wish that each human being had, planted away in the deeps, overlaid and choked, forgotten, yet charged with omnipotence: *the wish to be good?*" This is very interestingly American. Let us, if we must, concern ourselves about the welfare of the poor; but let us, above all things, be concerned about the aspirations of a rich young woman who has at last resolved to "be good." This is the proper interest of a sensational popular novel in America; nor is it without its appeal in our own country.

A Prisoner in Fairyland. By Algernon Blackwood. 6*s*. Macmillan.

Mr. Blackwood's method of writing a story is to take some metaphysical idea and to pitch a story round about it that shall, sometimes explicitly, but usually by implication, exhibit and expound it. One recalls moments in some of his novels where the exposition was not only explicit but not even in his own language; but, whether this be so or not, or even if the central idea be or be not derived from another, it is generally some strong imaginative conception that he chooses for his exhibition. In the present instance, however, the idea is fanciful rather than imaginative, with the result that conviction is lost.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Ancient Greece. By H. B. Cotterill, M.A. Harrap. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

The author, favourably known by his translation of the *Odyssey*, has contrived to give in this volume of 500 pages a succinct account of the

art, literature, and philosophy of ancient Greece up to the days of Alexander the Great. There is a prodigious amount of information, very conveniently arranged; and some 150 illustrations that have evidently been selected *con amore*. Whoever wishes to acquaint himself with the vast spiritual activities of old Hellas and the history of that wonderful country will discover in Mr. Cotterill's book precisely what he is looking for.

ROBERT FULTON: ENGINEER AND ARTIST. By H. W. DICKINSON. The Bodley Head. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

There is an excellent story told that, apocryphal or authentic, illustrates a poignant moment in history, when Napoleon on his way to St. Helena saw a strange boat appearing, and asked what it was. He was told it was the new steamboat that Mr. Fulton had invented. For, while he was waiting for the six hours' possession of the Channel that would give him the empire of Europe, a commission of his appointing had been examining, with the usual scepticism and speed of commissions, this same idea of a steamboat by this same Robert Fulton. Nor had the energy of his various officers been confined to proposals for steamboats by Fulton. They had actually passed and authorised his proposal for a submarine, in one of which he sailed seventy miles and caused two British cruisers to ship their moorings and speed away. That we should have had to wait so long for a competent and impartial biography of this same Robert Fulton seems scarcely credible; and the less credible as the central portion of Fulton's life is so involved with the most momentous period of modern history. Unfortunately it is written in rather a dull manner—as an engineer would write of an engineer thinking of engineers. It misses the glow of humanity in its pages, and we wonder at the end, a little, what manner of man Fulton himself was apart from his inventions.

POETRY

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN. With "A Cypresse Grove." Edited by L. E. KASTNER. Illustrated, 2 vols., 21*s*. net. Manchester University Press.

Professor Kastner, of Manchester, has done for Drummond what Professor Grierson has lately done for Donne, that is to say, he has at last given us a satisfactory and final text of an important poet. These two volumes are a monument of learning, accuracy, and toil. They quite supersede Ward's edition, though Ward will still be consulted for his long introductory memoir, and they even supersede the rare and valuable edition issued by the Maitland Club. Professor Kastner's introduction is extremely interesting, because in it he enters fully into the question of Drummond's indebtedness to French, Spanish, and Italian poets. As he says, Drummond's verse is "wholly exotic." He fed his imagination upon the rich fancies of southern writers. About half of his work is purely imitative, while the other half, though valuable in itself, is still strongly under the influence of the poets he esteemed. He was always distinguished, as Professor Kastner remarks, "by exquisite diction and perfect craftsmanship," but his was not a profoundly creative mind or fancy. He was a charming singer, but he did not lead the choir. He represented no national feeling, as did Burns, and he might have lived in London as well as in Scotland. This being so, he will never loom very large in the history of literature, but, on the other hand, he is by no means a mere curiosity. He had distinguished talent even if he had little originality.

This edition reproduces the original spelling from the best of the original texts. It has the minute research of modern scholarship, and it will appeal to experts even more than to the general reader. The bibliography and the reproductions of title-pages and portraits appear

particularly valuable. The notes also, at the end of each volume, are full, learned, and entertaining. Altogether, this is an edition of Drummond which does very great credit to Professor Kastner.

THE FLUTE OF SARDONYX. By EDMUND JOHN. Herbert Jenkins.

This, then, is the book concerning which there was some little talk not long ago. . . . Well, as it now stands, at all events, there is nothing in it that could annoy any save those who, through organic defects of one kind or another, are unfit to be regarded as judges of poetry. Of course there are, and always have been, people of this kind—men who have strayed from their workshops and counting-houses into the realms of literature and there established themselves as critics of matters quite beyond their ken. It is one of the terrors of our democratic age—this increasing multitude of self-appointed and ill-equipped censors in every department of thought.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, in a discriminating foreword, has touched upon the author's strength and weaknesses. He is sensuous, no doubt; very sensuous. And he has not yet attained that clean-cut paganism which, in our opinion, his subject demands; he is too exuberant, too tropical; there is a haze of Christian imagery, and flowers, and death, and pain floating through these love-poems. The faults of youth, very possibly. But the reader, concentrating his attention, will find much of fine workmanship to be admired in them, of courage and veracious feeling; above all, a promise of still better things. The element of wilful obscurity is not predominant—the author is quite human and intelligible to those who can sympathise with his outlook. His verse is musical and harmonious above the common measure; in short, he is a refreshing phenomenon amid our herd of cold-blooded, hopelessly conventional songsters.

GREY AND GOLD. By MRS. HUGH SPENDER. Erskine Macdonald. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

The contents of Mrs. Hugh Spender's little volume of verse are as chaste and tender as its outward appearance. *Grey and Gold!* The grey predominates, as is meet and proper; the gold is sparingly used—an enlivening touch, here and there. In other words, these poems are heaving with a soft under-current of pathos and wistfulness. The authoress has set herself narrow limits in the matter of subject and verse-form. Within those limits all is well.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND. By JAMES ELROY FLECKER. Max Goschen, Ltd. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Writing as I do in a fit of depression induced by a letter in *The Observer*, which protests that sound imperialism and not poesy should be the qualification of a Poet Laureate, I cannot but thank Mr. Flecker for his admirable preface, urging English poetry and English criticism to take a lesson from the French, and ponder their Parnassian doctrine. It is certainly refreshing nowadays to find a poet professing that he writes with the single purpose of creating beauty. But we need not forget that Mr. Flecker himself is an illuminating student of education, as he proved in his little volume, *The Grecians*, and that all spiritual guidance must begin with the mere contemplation of beauty. William Morris would have prepared his infant citizens by leading them round-eyed beside the still meadows of the Thames, just as Plato led the Soul forth to wander in a pleasant place where sweet sounds and pure winds should accustom it to virtue. So Mr. Flecker is on the side of the angels, after all, and his pursuit of beauty need not alarm the Imperialists.

Mr. Flecker has certainly followed Beauty and communed with her, shy though she be of Modern poets; a slim and hectic Muse who plays

with Fancy and Laughter in old Bagdad, gleams under the moon in Syrian gardens, or rises like a ghost from the Ægean—

"The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea."

Every one of these poems is metrically exquisite: compact not only of so many feet, but vivified by the personal perceptions of rhythm and vowel-harmony that give them all character. Mr. Flecker uses words with the delicacy that is acquired only by the study of Latin and Greek and the Romance languages. Yet he is never pedantic; when he reproduces with scholarly accuracy a difficult Persian metre he makes an enchanting melody:—

"The morning light is clear and cold: I dare not in that light behold
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed, Yasmin.

But when the deep red eye of day is level with the lone highway,
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed, Yasmin;

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like a soul aswoon,
And harping planets talk love's tune with milky wings outspread, Yasmin,

Shower down thy love, O burning bright! For one night or the other night
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered flowers are dead, Yasmin."

And when he sings of England with the passion of an exile he is not less musical in a Western mode.

J. M.

POLITICAL

SYNDICALISM AND THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH. By EMILE PATAUD and EMILE POUGET. New International Publishing Company. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

This book is an attempt to explain Syndicalist aims and methods by a vivid story of a revolution which is supposed to have taken place in France, but owing to faults in the binding we have been unable to follow the story as it was no doubt meant to be told. After a foreword by Tom Mann, a preface by Prince Kropotkin, and a note by the authors, we come to page 145; the sequence is then kept to page 160; next comes page 17, and the first sixteen pages do not appear at all. We thus miss the opening, and the rest is somewhat difficult to follow. Chapter III. opens with the declaration of the general strike, which paralyses industry and leads to the weakening and final abolition of Parliament, the Army, and other institutions of the present *régime*. The workers' Syndicates immediately take upon themselves the responsibility of organising the productive and distributive industries on a new basis. Production for use and not for profit becomes the order of the day. There is no compulsion used in getting anyone to work. If a man will not join a labour group of his own free will, he is presented with a small sum of money and banished from the country; and thus the era of true brotherhood is ushered in. One of the most valuable features of the book is its clear demonstration of the foolish waste and criminal lunacy of some of our present industrial methods. We waste an incalculable amount of energy and millions of pounds annually on foolish advertisement, and we overwork men and women and even children in the production of goods, and then starve them through enforced idleness because there is a "glut in the market." Truly there is need for social re-organisation. If one could but accept the possibility of a complete unification of labour forces, the development of an almost superhuman altruism on the part of labour leaders, and the absolute rottenness of all existing institutions, this forecast of a coming Syndicalist revolution would have some slight claim to possibility. As things are, we must look for improvement in another direction than that pointed out by Messrs. Pataud and Pouget.

A History of Oratory in Parliament, 1213 to 1913. By Robert Craig, M.A., D.D. Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley, Ltd. 10s. 6d. 1913.

It is not Dr. Craig's fault that his compendious history of British Parliamentary oratory—seven centuries in 300 odd pages—should strike a reader of to-day as an obituary or graveside panegyric. In our time British oratory has fled from Parliament to take refuge on the democratic hustings, nearer the source of real power. It remains to be seen how far this change will affect the interest of the public in Dr. Craig's attempt to group the stages of political evolution around the orators with whom they were associated. It is one way of writing history; and little as it is likely to appeal to the scientific spirit, it is perhaps the only one that gives the historian of oratory and orators a chance of making out a good case for his clients. Moreover, the main object of the book would seem to be to encourage the budding orator—"a bundle of nerves and an electric battery"—by giving him at least a good conceit of his function. This it is well calculated to do. Its twenty-five chapters, covering the period extending from Stephen Langton to the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George, and dealing in turn with all the Parliamentary giants of the past, are light and easy reading, though without any marked distinction of form.

TRAVEL

Mexico. the Land of Unrest. By Henry Baerlein. Herbert and Daniel. 16s. net.

This ponderous tome might have been considerably condensed; there is about it an air of disconnection and ephemeral journalistic elaboration that contrasts unfavourably with certain select portions wherein the author displays an uncommonly sound grasp of his subject. It is readable throughout, however, and excellently illustrated; although disappointing to those who seek for a sustained and reasoned account of modern Mexican events. Oddly enough, too, while the volume reeks with atrocities, yet in his admirable "Slaves of Yucatan," for example, Mr. Baerlein might well have given us a few more statistics of the cruelties perpetrated by this brood of mongrels. It is no pleasant reading, his volume; one arises from the perusal as from a nightmare, despairing of a religion that can produce such a sinister alloy of incapacity and bloodthirstiness.

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